

PEACE NOW IN SIGHT.

STRIKE OF COAL MINERS MAY SOON END.

Agreement Between Men and Operators Is Near—Basis of Settlement in Famous "Uniformity" Agreement—Report on the Competitor Prisoners.

Strike May Be Settled.
The end of the great strike of coal miners seems in sight. W. P. De Armit, president of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company, which concerns has been fairly blamed by rival operators as responsible for all the mining troubles of the last three years, has come to terms with the arbitration commission. Concessions have been made both by him and unofficially by other operators. His famous "uniformity" agreement has been indorsed by representatives of the strikers, and in turn he has received from his position demanding the signatures of 95 per cent of the operators in order to make it effective.

This agreement was approved at the conference in Pittsburgh by President Patrick Dolan and Secretary William Warner of the United Mine Workers of the Pittsburgh district. They promised to collect the interest of the miners in the plan and to use every influence to secure the required number of signatures. A clause will be inserted in the agreement binding the contracting parties to enforce it; in case it is found to be impossible to secure the indorsement of 95 per cent of the operators.

President M. D. Ratcliff of the United Mine Workers was called to Pittsburgh from Columbus to confer with the local officers, and it is freely predicted that the result will be a general return to work in the near future.

Under the terms of the agreement Mr. De Armit consents to sign a contract which will bring about a condition of uniformity in the Pittsburgh district, according to the plan formulated, but which failed eighteen months ago. The contract provides that there shall be no company stores, honest weight, fair scales and the removal of other evils long complained of by the miners.

The agreement moreover provides for an assessment of one-tenth of a cent on every ton of coal produced by the operators. This money will create a fund to be used for the purpose of protecting the operators inside the deal against those on

the acts of reparation which ought to be demanded should be the release of these captives." Secretary Everts is quoted to sustain this position.

GREAT PEACE POW-WOW.

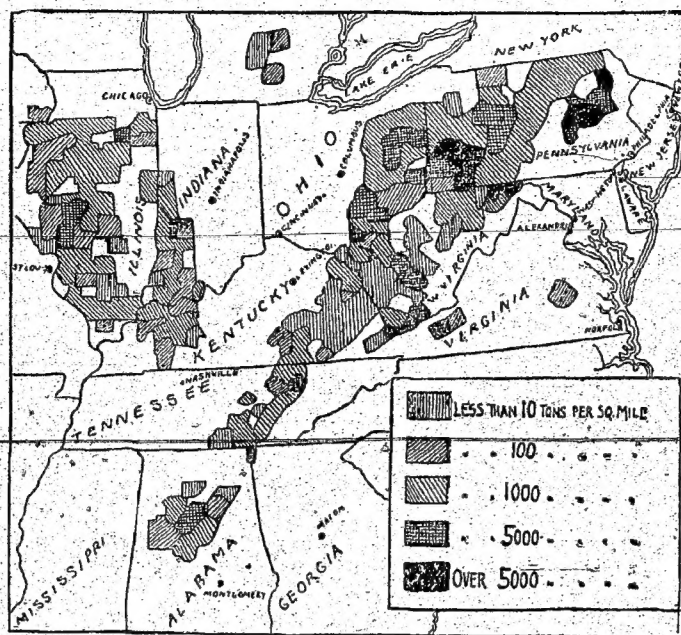
Sixty and Chippewa Indians Bury the Bloody Hatchet.

Sixty Indians marched from their Dakota reservations to White Birch, Wis., where a two weeks' peace powwow was held with their old enemies, the Chippewas. For hundreds of years the Sioux and Chippewas have been implacable foes, making war upon one another at every opportunity, and conducting reprisals with a brutal savagery that would shame even an Apache. Death by torture of the most horrible kind was the certain fate of captives, and knowledge of this caused their long warfare to be marked with desperate cruelty. The original home of the Chippewas was in the lake country now divided into the States of Wisconsin and Michigan. Here the western branch of the famous Algonquin family ruled in force, noted for bravery and military skill of a high order. On the west, where now is Minnesota and the Dakotas, was the home of the powerful "Sioux" nation. Bloody raids were of frequent occurrence, and finally, after long and disastrous warfare, the Chippewas gathered in force and drove their enemies into the Minnesota country, from which they were re-located to the Dakota reservations by Federal troops in 1863. Time and changed conditions have mellowed the redmen's passions.

The Chippewas have settled down to peaceful pursuits in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where many of them have farms, while the Sioux are held in control on reservations far beyond the Mississippi. Being unable to come together in peace, they are of old, owing to the supremacy of the whites, these Indians now want peace. It is years since they met in actual warfare, and the head men have come to the conclusion that, as further fighting is impossible, a formal treaty of amity might as well be ratified. This is the excuse for the peace powwow held at White Birch. Two hundred Sioux have made their way across Minnesota and Dakota to the rendezvous at White Birch, traveling on ponies and encamping out in aboriginal style. These met in little bands at Bemidj, N. D., and there consolidated in the hands of the leadership of Chief Red Face. In this party are a number of notable characters, including Sitting Bull's daughter and Chief Black Bear of Custer massacre fame.

First in the ceremonial part of the pow-

BITUMINOUS COAL REGIONS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



—New York World.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS MEET.

Tenth Annual Meeting of the League Held in Detroit.

The tenth annual convention of the National League of Republican Clubs opened its session Tuesday morning in the Auditorium at Detroit. The building was brilliantly decorated with bunting and portraits of McKinley, Harrison, Lincoln and Washington. The seats in the hall were divided into sections for the different States. Ohio, Missouri, Vermont, Wyoming, New Hampshire, California, Michigan, New York, Wisconsin, Maryland and Florida occupied the central section; Indiana, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Kansas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine and Connecticut were grouped on the left; and Illinois, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Minnesota, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, East and West Virginia and Alabama on the right.

There were fully 1,500 delegates present, and twice as many spectators, which included the Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland and the McKinley Club of Dayton, Ohio.

President Woodmansee called the convention to order at 10:30 o'clock. In his annual address he upheld a protective tariff, the gold standard, the unfurling of the American flag over Hawaii, and the Cuban strife for independence. He referred to the fact that the league was free from debt and on a splendid basis.

Gov. Phelan of Michigan and Col. Duffield of Detroit, clashed in their speeches of welcome. Gov. Phelan made a speech, giving corporations a rap, and suggested that the convention do something to help the coal miners on strike. Col. Duffield, who followed, said that men who tried to foment strife between capital and labor were dangerous, and while the speech of welcome delivered by President Dingley in behalf of the Michigan State League introduced to the convention the son of the founder of the new tariff bill.

Appointment of committees, reports of officers and routine work occupied the morning session. The afternoon was devoted largely to State addresses. At the mass meeting Tuesday night the speakers were Charles Emory Smith of Philadelphia, Webster Davis of Kansas City, Mo., John R. Tanner of Illinois, ex-United States Senator Brown of Utah and George Barnes of Oklahoma.

BIMETALLIC MISSION A FAILURE.

Americans Said to Have Made Little Headway in Europe.

A dispatch to the New York World from London says that the bimetallic mission is one of absolute failure. The general impression among those in a position to know is that the reports of success in France have been circulated in order to reconcile the American public to the expenditure of large sums of money without result.

The principal Paris newspapers have referred to the commission in terms which, while conforming to the rules of artificial Gallic courtesy, have been far from flattering. Le Temps and Le Figaro, for instance, while France objects to spending the money necessary to improve her navy, the United States has money enough to spend uselessly on a commission intrusted with an impossible mission and costing the taxpayers \$500,000.

M. Hanotaux himself is authority for the statement that the mission absolutely failed and could not be accomplished by anyone. He speaks highly of the members of the commission personally, but refuses to take the bimetallic scheme seriously. He smiles at the statement that France would stand shoulder to shoulder with the United States in efforts to bring about international bimetallicism.

TURKEY'S CRUELTY IS MERCY.

Compared to the Savage Sway of Butcher Weyler in Cuba.

Revolution within revolution has broken out in unfortunate Cuba. In Matanzas a few days since over 2,000 reconcentrados, or people who had been forced by Weyler to abandon their homes in the country and live in fortified towns, were being driven to the streets demanding bread. Many houses were looted before the authorities could quell the unfortunate people. From various parts of the island horrible reports of the sufferings of the people are being received. At the town of Guines, in Havana province, over 1,500 deaths have occurred within six weeks, and nine-tenths of the victims were reconcentrados, native Cubans, driven from their estates by Weyler's hands to starve by degrees within Spanish lines. From Madruga, upward of 100 deaths per week are reported among local reconcentrados. Whole families have succumbed, one by one, to starvation or epidemic disease.

A newspaper says that in the neighboring Santa Clara town of Zulueta, among the local reconcentrados starving in the streets, there are hundreds of native Cuban women and children in a perfectly nude state. The rainy season having be-

gun, the roofless reconcentrados are reported lying daily in this little Santa Clara outpost, their bodies being removed by night and burned on the village outskirts.

In the Santa Clara village of Jicoteau hunger is so great among the floating reconcentrado population that mothers are being accused of strangling their half-grown children to hush their cries for bread and stop their sufferings.

At Viages de Palma 1,000 reconcentrados are huddled in the local plaza, under a tropical sun, without any shelter whatever, the women and children sleeping upon the bare ground and exposed to drenching rains. Each day a dead cart passes and takes eight to ten victims of smallpox, fever or starvation away to the cemetery.

A PLAGUE OF HEAT.

Recent Torrid Spell Has Been as Bad as a Visitation of Cholera.

The heated term through which the country has just passed has been as destructive of life as a visitation of the cholera or yellow fever might have been. The features which have made it exceptional case the whole Mississippi valley was affected and the high temperature continued without interruption for more than a week, and with very little relief at night. These conditions combined to increase the number of fatalities. Of these there have been several hundred reported in the news columns. Cincinnati alone reports sixty deaths from sunstroke during seven days. But probably not more than 10 per cent of the cases get into the newspapers. The reports come only from the cities and towns where there is telegraphic communication and a news reporter. There are hundreds of small towns and villages which have made no reports, and the rural districts have not been heard from at all. Throughout a large extent of country harvesting has been going on, and while farmers, as a class, are not as liable to be prostrated by heat as dwellers in cities, many of them must have succumbed to the torrid heat of the last week. The population of the farming districts greatly outnumbered in the aggregate that of the cities and towns, and must have furnished its proportion of fatalities. To all these must be added the deaths of very aged persons and of infants, which, though reported under other causes, were due directly to the heat as if they had occurred from sunstroke. So it is evident the total number of deaths attributable directly to the heat must have amounted to many thousands. It was a veritable plague of heat.

NOTED BALL PLAYER.

Fred Pfeffer Leaves the Chicago Team for All Time.

In the release of Fred Pfeffer the Chicago ball team loses one of its most notable characters and one of the best players who ever wore a Chicago uniform. During the days when the game was young and the Chicagoans had things their own way, Pfeffer was one of the members of the famous "Stonewall Infield," and

eloquent responses, full of the spirit of brotherly love and good fellowship, once again between the people of Anglo-Saxon blood and of the Christian faith, were made by Bishop C. C. McCabe for the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. James Thomas of Little Rock, Ark., for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Rev. H. A. Crane of Bombay, on behalf of India.

The most important feature of this convention was the fact that arrangements were made for the evolution from an international to an intercontinental convention. This year the Rev. Simpson Johnson, representing the Wesleyan guild of Manchester, England, came expressly for the purpose of transforming the three-fold convention to a four-fold one, and the next convention will consist of delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Methodist Church of Canada and the Wesleyan Church of England.

A message from President McKinley was received by the Epworth League officers. It was read by Dr. Berryman of Chicago. Then at the call of the chairman three hearty cheers were given for Queen Victoria and for President McKinley. These were followed by a combined cheer for the two great rulers, "God Save the Queen" and "America," were then sung in alternate verses, the effect being most impressive.

Forty families of Polish Jews, numbering over 100, who were landed at New York by the steamship Stella and Verulam, will be deported because they were in a destitute condition and are therefore subject to exclusion as "persons liable to become public charges."

The members of the old Western Freight Traffic Association, disrupted last spring by the United States Supreme Court decision, have made a new agreement, which provides heavy penalties for any road which shall violate the schedule of rates.

It is said that Richard Mansfield has a new play, by Oscar Wilde, which was written while the latter was undergoing his term of imprisonment in England.

Chancellor Hollenhorst of Germany denies that he has any intention of resigning his office.

with the exception of Anson he is the last of the men forming that combination to serve on the team. It is not known whether he will seek another position in the National League or of the members of the team and felt much disappointed over its failure.

DECIDE TO TRY PRAYER.

Members of the W. C. T. U. Must Raise \$250,000 by January.

The efficacy of prayer is to be tried by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the matter of raising the \$250,000 necessary to clear the Woman's Temple in Chicago from debt.

Should the debt not be paid before January next the building, it is said, will pass into the hands of Marshall Field. The amount owed is about \$200,000, and of this Mr. Field has promised to give \$50,000 if payment is made before the first of the year. Prayer meetings have been called.

WELCOME TO TORONTO

EPWORTH LEAGUE IN ANNUAL SESSION.

Twenty Thousand Delegates from the United States and Canada Attend the Convention—Baptist Young People Meet in Chattanooga.

Greeted by Canadians.

There is scarcely a city of importance in the United States or Canada that was not represented at the big Epworth League convention in Toronto. By the time the convention was opened, shortly after noon Thursday, there were fully 20,000 delegates in Toronto, and they were still arriving. It was the largest convention in the history of the league, and it is almost safe to say it was larger than any previous gathering ever held in connection with the Methodist Church. The contingents from New York State and Illinois were the biggest. Brooklyn sent a large delegation, Cleveland sent 300 delegates. While the delegations from these States nearer to Canada were the largest, many came from San Francisco and a strong delegation came from Boston. The far Western States sent large contingents, and the Southern States were well represented, while Mexico sent a number.

Reception of the Visitors.

The welcome in behalf of the city and Canada generally was most spontaneous and enthusiastic. Baptists and other denominations turned out to receive the visitors. There was a big meeting in the Massy hall to welcome the delegates. An address was delivered by A. S. Harris, the premier attorney general of Ontario. He welcomed them for the cause they represented, and which they had come to stimulate, and because already 100,000 Canadians belonged to their society, and had taken the same vows and subscribed to the same pledges as their own country. No one, he said, could look upon the work accomplished during the last seven or eight years by the league otherwise than with amazement. It read like a fairy tale.

It was understood that some of the principal aims and objects of the society were, in short, helpfulness to themselves and to others, or, in detail, greater culture, more personal piety, greater service to others and a more thorough knowledge of the Bible among the members, chiefly composed of the younger members of the Methodist Church. He welcomed them also because they were neighbors and relatives, and because they came as friends. They represented the pick and flower of the youth of that active and powerful church which is scarcely less influential relatively in Canada than in the United States, and which through its activity, zeal and spiritual life is adding constantly to its numbers, its members and adherents. Some time a warlike feeling would flash up between England and America, but would subside on sober second thought almost as rapidly as it had been aroused. There could be no war between these two foremost Christian nations of the earth. The moral forces of the two countries would in the last resort prove too strong for war.

Other Words of Welcome.

The Rev. Dr. Carmichael, the general superintendent of the Methodist Church of Toronto, in an eloquent address of welcome said:

"Methodism was providentially prepared for America, as this American continent was kept for popular enfranchisement and personal freedom. You south of the great lakes, and we north, equally possess, cherish and guard them both, but with different methods. You have chosen monarchial methodism in the great republic; we are working out republican methodism under the imperial standard of Great Britain. Our doctrines are the same. We greatly admire and love the nation of Washington and Lincoln, of Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson—heroes both of us; and of Parkman, Tappan and Whitfield. We delight in its freedom, we triumph in its moral victories and we count it an honorable favor and honor to greet its noble sons and daughters in this grand Epworth League convention."

Eloquent responses, full of the spirit of brotherly love and good fellowship, once again between the people of Anglo-Saxon blood and of the Christian faith, were made by Bishop C. C. McCabe for the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. James Thomas of Little Rock, Ark., for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Rev. H. A. Crane of Bombay, on behalf of India.

The most important feature of this convention was the fact that arrangements were made for the evolution from an international to an intercontinental convention. This year the Rev. Simpson Johnson, representing the Wesleyan guild of Manchester, England, came expressly for the purpose of transforming the three-fold convention to a four-fold one, and the next convention will consist of delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Methodist Church of Canada and the Wesleyan Church of England.

A message from President McKinley was received by the Epworth League officers. It was read by Dr. Berryman of Chicago. Then at the call of the chairman three hearty cheers were given for Queen Victoria and for President McKinley. These were followed by a combined cheer for the two great rulers, "God Save the Queen" and "America," were then sung in alternate verses, the effect being most impressive.

Forty families of Polish Jews, numbering over 100, who were landed at New York by the steamship Stella and Verulam, will be deported because they were in a destitute condition and are therefore subject to exclusion as "persons liable to become public charges."

The members of the old Western Freight Traffic Association, disrupted last spring by the United States Supreme Court decision, have made a new agreement, which provides heavy penalties for any road which shall violate the schedule of rates.

It is said that Richard Mansfield has a new play, by Oscar Wilde, which was written while the latter was undergoing his term of imprisonment in England.

Chancellor Hollenhorst of Germany denies that he has any intention of resigning his office.

BAPTISTS AT CHATTANOOGA.

The National Convention Meets in the Southern City.

The seventh international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America began in Chattanooga, Tenn., Thursday morning with about 4,000 delegates and some of the most prominent Baptist leaders in the country present. The handsomely and elaborately decorated City Auditorium was completely filled at 10 o'clock, the hour of opening. Each State delegation occupied quarters reserved for it. On the rostrum were seated the officers and speakers, and in the gallery above was the excellently trained choir of 500 voices.

The convention was opened with a short song service, led by Dr. L. L. Henderson of Fort Wayne, Ind., formerly secretary of the board of managers. The impressive audience listened enthusiastically with the choir in the singing, and a great wave of inspiring harmony floated through the building. At the close of the song service Dr. Henderson read the 40th psalm and delivered a fervent invocation, after which President Chapman arose to deliver the opening address.

Following the president's address of welcome, all eloquent and interesting, were then delivered as follows: On behalf of the churches of Chattanooga, by Dr. R. B. Garrett, pastor of the First Baptist Church; on behalf of the Baptist Young People's Society of the city and State, by the Rev. M. D. Jeffries of Chattanooga; by Mayor George W. Ochs, Dr. J. W. Conley of St. Paul, Minn., responded to these welcoming addresses.

The report of Treasurer Frank Moody of Milwaukee showed evidences of greater economy and better financial condition than before. For the year ended June 30, 1896, a comparison of assets and liabilities showed a deficit of \$4,820.23. For the year ended June 30, 1897, after a conservative estimate of assets, the deficit is reduced to \$1,738.17, showing a gain for the year of \$3,082.05. An examination of the report of the business manager shows a gain during the year in accounts receivable of \$5,587.79, plus a reduction of indebtedness to the amount of \$317.50.

The board of managers recommended some changes in the constitution, which were accepted and approved by the convention. These changes led to a most complete revision of the forces of the Baptist Young People's Union, United States and the Southern union, by which the forces of both are consolidated, and in making this new relation with the Southern union, separate departments were provided for the North, the South, the East and the West, to be known hereafter as the Baptist Young People's Union, North; Baptist Young People's Union, South, etc., instead of as heretofore by department colors.

SPANISH JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

Meant to Carry Both Coasts of the Union in Case of Hostilities.

A dispatch from Paris to a London news agency says that inquiry at an American embassy there has elicited a confirmation of the rumor that the Governments of Spain and Japan have arranged an offensive alliance against the United States. The terms of the understanding, which is for the mutual protection of Cuba and Hawaii, provide that in the event of an active aggressive movement on the part of the United States tending toward interference in Cuban affairs or persistence in the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, both Spain and Japan shall declare war simultaneously against the United States, and shall make hostile demonstrations along both the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of that country.

At Washington, little credence is placed in the statement that the Spanish and Japanese Governments have entered into an offensive alliance against the United States for the mutual protection of Cuba and Hawaii. Mr. Day, the first assistant secretary, discredited the report and regarded it as too improbable to discuss. "The State Department has no information concerning this reported alliance," he said, "and I don't believe that any foundation for the statement that one has been entered into." Both the Spanish and Japanese ministers are away from the city.

KICKED TO DEATH AND BURNED.

Fate of the Negro Murderer of Miss Williams at West Point, Tenn.

Near West Point, Tenn., Tuesday afternoon, Miss Rene Williams was found brutally murdered in the woods near her home. Thursday afternoon Anthony Williams, her murderer, was captured near Fulton, and at night he was executed by hanging in the streets of West Point, in the presence of 500 people. Williams was strangled with bullets and burned in the streets of West Point, his body being burned to ashes. Before a shot was fired the negro was knocked down and stamped to death. Then the crowd fell back and those who had plucked him up after he lay on the ground were ordered to get away. The crowd then gathered round, and building a fire over him, watched the pyre.

Pay in the coal industries is really a matter of minor importance. Now, aren't these nice days for any one to be called upon to worry over the price of coal?

The Dallas News says that "wild oats are now sown by machinery." This is harrowing.

Actor Ratcliffe is strongly suspected of a desire to change the sex of the mother-in-law joke.

If it will take \$7,000,000 to put Debs' scheme on foot, there is every reason to believe that the scheme will have to be put somewhere else.

Chicago sometimes plays in hard luck; her new jail was dedicated just at a time when the City Council quit for the summer and the aldermen were hurrying out of town.

A New York burglar was caught in a refrigerator the other night and nearly froze to death before his plight was discovered. Still, a night prowler can hardly complain if he receives a cold reception occasionally.

CRAWFORD CO. DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.	
Sherrif.....	Wm. H. Chalker
Clerk.....	James W. Hartwick
Register.....	John Lesca
Treasurer.....	John Rasmussen
Prosecuting Attorney.....	J. Patterson
Judge.....	J. C. Convery
Recorder.....	C. C. Conner
Surveyor.....	Wm. Blannhau

SUPERVISORS.	
North Branch.....	Thos. Wakely
South Branch.....	H. Richardson
Beaver Creek.....	Washington Steward
Maple Creek.....	J. J. Neldner
Grayling.....	Geo. W. Conner
Frederick.....	C. W. Barber
Blaine.....	F. Halling
Center Twp.....	A. Emory

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. R. L. Gops, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7 1/2 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.	M. E. CHURCH—Rev. C. W. Potter, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday-school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Rev. A. P. W. Borker, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and every Wednesday at 7 p.m. A lecture in school room 12 m.	METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. W. H. Mawhater, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and alternate Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Sunday-school at 2 p.m.
ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Father H. Webber. Regular services the last Sunday in each month.	GRAYLING LODGE, No. 33, F. & A. M. Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon. FRED NARRIS, W. M.
A. TAYLOR, Secy.	MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. W. S. CHATFIELD, Post Com. C. W. WEIGER, Adjutant.
WOMEN'S BELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. M. E. HANSON, President.	REBECCA WEBER, Secy.
GRAYLING CHAPTER, B. A. M., No. 134. Meets every third Tuesday in each month. J. K. MEER, H. P.	A. TAYLOR, Secy.
GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137. Meets every Tuesday evening. P. B. JOHNSON, N. G.	P. E. JOHNSON, Secy.
CRAWFORD TENT, K. O. T. M., No. 12. Meets every Saturday evening. J. J. COLLINS, Com.	T. NOLAN, R. E.
GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EAST-ERN STAR, No. 64, D. O. T. M., Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month. Mrs. G. G. GULETTE, Lady Com. Mrs. F. WALDE, Record Keeper.	

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JOHN STALEY.....	C. C. TRENCHE.
GRAYLING EXCHANGE BANK, GRAYLING, MICH.	
A general banking business transacted. Drafts bought and sold on all parts of the United States and Foreign Countries. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections a specialty.	
STALEY & TRENCHE, Proprietors.	
W. M. WEMP, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.	
(Successor to Dr. Wolfe.) Office over the Davis Pharmacy, Grayling, Mich. Residence in the Chalker House.	
S. N. INSLEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office over Fournier's Drug Store.	
GEO. L. ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC.	
Pine Lands Bought and Sold on Commission. Non-Residents' Lands Looked After. GRAYLING, MICH.	
Office on Michigan avenue, first door east of the Bank.	

O. PALMER, Attorney at Law and Notary.

Collections, overpayment, payment of notes and purchase and sale of real estate. Special attention to Office on Peninsular avenue, opposite the Court House.

GRAYLING HOUSE.

JOHN RASMUSSEN, Proprietor.

The Grayling House is conveniently situated, using near the dock and business houses, is a new, comfortable, first-class hotel, and is managed by John Rasmussen. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests. Fine dining-rooms for amuse of travelers.

F. D. HARRISON, (Successor to F. A. Brigham.)

Tonsorial Artist, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Shaving and Hair-Cutting done in the Latest Style, and the satisfaction of all. Shop near corner Michigan Avenue and Railroad Street. Prompt attention given to all customers. Oct. 4, '97.

Remember...

we are always prepared to do all kinds of first-class

Job Printing

on short notice and at the most reasonable prices....

A Trial Order

we will

FENCING NOW A FAD.

SOCIETY WOMEN TAKE TO THE ATHLETIC SPORT.

Rooms Especially Devoted to the Exercise Now Found in Residences of the Well-Sit-Favorite System in of the French School.

Wielders of the Foil. "Prepare! Salute! On guard! Defense! Clash! Clash!" These are the sounds that may be heard in the homes of the well-sit-favorite system in of the French school. Fencing is one of the latest fads of Chicago society girls, says the Inter-Ocean, and among the fair fencers Miss Florence Higginbotham is the most expert and graceful. She began taking lessons about two years ago, and soon became so proficient that she succeeded in disarming her teacher, very much to his chagrin and her delight.

No one looking at Miss Higginbotham's slight, rather fragile figure would imagine her capable of the strength necessary to make a good fencer. But she is a capital "whip," and constantly handling spirited horses has given her arms good muscular development. Miss Higginbotham has also had the advantage of constant practice with her brother, who is a capital fencer. She has a room in her father's house especially fitted up for the enjoyment of her favorite exercise, and here she and her girl friends have many a friendly bout, and finish up with the cup of tea so essentially feminine.

The floor of Miss Higginbotham's fencing room is of cork, the walls are decorated with foils and masks; there are no chairs in the room, but a low, broad seat runs around three sides of it and forms a comfortable lounging place for the lookers-on.

Miss Higginbotham's fencing costume is an article as well as practical one. A full skirt of red-velvet-plaid silk reaches to the top of the high-laced boots which fit her slender feet very trimly. The bodice is of black silk, made perfectly plain and close fitting, and at the left side, just over the heart, is embroidered a tiny red heart. A little cap is generally worn.

"I am very fond of fencing," said Miss Higginbotham in response to an inquiry. "In fact, I think I like it better than any amusement except riding and driving. I like anything in the way of athletic sport, and I felt



CHAMPION WOMAN FENCER.

thoroughly develops the muscles of the body than fencing in Germany, where the women fence as much as they ride bicycles over here, feminine strength and health and grace are generally enjoyed, although with us they are not to be found as often as is desired. This is an era of the practical in society, and it is likely in this fact will be found the reason for the general adoption of this new fad. If a young woman is not too far advanced upon the list of society's devotees, she may enjoy the privilege

of exercising with the foils in the public fencing academy. If she be a little more exclusive she can hire herself to the private academy. To be a real up-to-date society girl, however, she must forego the academy and take her lessons at home. This is the absolute decree of the supreme court, from which there is no appeal.

Every dainty fencer must perforce have a master who will instruct her in the fad that woe a graceful carriage and muscles like the highest tempered steel. Unquestionably it is true that the introduction into the homes of aristocracy of these private fencing rooms has served to awaken a renewed interest in the art. So it is that where a few months ago the fencing clubs throughout the country could be counted on one's fingers, such clubs now, especially those whose membership is entirely feminine, have more than tripled in number. Instead of grayling herself in fine linen and often



EQUIPPED FOR AN ENCOUNTER.

quite proud of myself when I disarmed my fencing master. I don't think he enjoyed it very much, though," and she paused to laugh at the recollection. "A few of the girls who take lessons from him were looking on, and they all clapped and applauded me, and he didn't like it a bit."

"I don't see why those girls don't go in for fencing. It is such a splendid exercise, and not hard to learn. Quite a few of my girl friends fence, and we have pleasant matches together."

The favorite system of fencing now practiced by the society woman is of the French school, which, as is well known, was founded on the old sword-play of Spain, which was introduced into France and later into Italy by the Spanish Bourbons. While the Italian masters have kept to this day the long foil with its bell-shaped guard, the direct descendant of the old Spanish rapier, the French have modernized the weapon and the fencing foil of today is the result. Scientific fencing as practiced to-day dates from the sixteenth century, and was originally the sport of kings and nobles. King Henry III. and Louis XVI. of France were both expert swordsmen, and when the Bourbons returned to France after the fall of Napoleon fencing in all its glory was revived. The year 1815 was the culminating point of the science. It was then that the two Barons, Jean Louis, Borsiere, Saint-George, and La Fange were the recognized masters of the art in Europe.

the handling of the foil itself, and the woman who has ever undertaken to learn how to fence considers herself competent until the vernacular of the fencing room is as familiar to her as the latest social event.

Fencing is one of the latest fads of Chicago society girls, says the Inter-Ocean, and among the fair fencers Miss Florence Higginbotham is the most expert and graceful. She began taking lessons about two years ago, and soon became so proficient that she succeeded in disarming her teacher, very much to his chagrin and her delight.

No one looking at Miss Higginbotham's slight, rather fragile figure would imagine her capable of the strength necessary to make a good fencer. But she is a capital "whip," and constantly handling spirited horses has given her arms good muscular development.

Miss Higginbotham has also had the advantage of constant practice with her brother, who is a capital fencer. She has a room in her father's house especially fitted up for the enjoyment of her favorite exercise, and here she and her girl friends have many a friendly bout, and finish up with the cup of tea so essentially feminine.

The floor of Miss Higginbotham's fencing room is of cork, the walls are decorated with foils and masks; there are no chairs in the room, but a low, broad seat runs around three sides of it and forms a comfortable lounging place for the lookers-on.

Miss Higginbotham's fencing costume is an article as well as practical one. A full skirt of red-velvet-plaid silk reaches to the top of the high-laced boots which fit her slender feet very trimly. The bodice is of black silk, made perfectly plain and close fitting, and at the left side, just over the heart, is embroidered a tiny red heart. A little cap is generally worn.

"I am very fond of fencing," said Miss Higginbotham in response to an inquiry. "In fact, I think I like it better than any amusement except riding and driving. I like anything in the way of athletic sport, and I felt



GIRLS AT WORK WITH THE FOILS.

of exercising with the foils in the public fencing academy. If she be a little more exclusive she can hire herself to the private academy. To be a real up-to-date society girl, however, she must forego the academy and take her lessons at home. This is the absolute decree of the supreme court, from which there is no appeal.

Every dainty fencer must perforce have a master who will instruct her in the fad that woe a graceful carriage and muscles like the highest tempered steel. Unquestionably it is true that the introduction into the homes of aristocracy of these private fencing rooms has served to awaken a renewed interest in the art. So it is that where a few months ago the fencing clubs throughout the country could be counted on one's fingers, such clubs now, especially those whose membership is entirely feminine, have more than tripled in number. Instead of grayling herself in fine linen and often

quite proud of myself when I disarmed my fencing master. I don't think he enjoyed it very much, though," and she paused to laugh at the recollection. "A few of the girls who take lessons from him were looking on, and they all clapped and applauded me, and he didn't like it a bit."

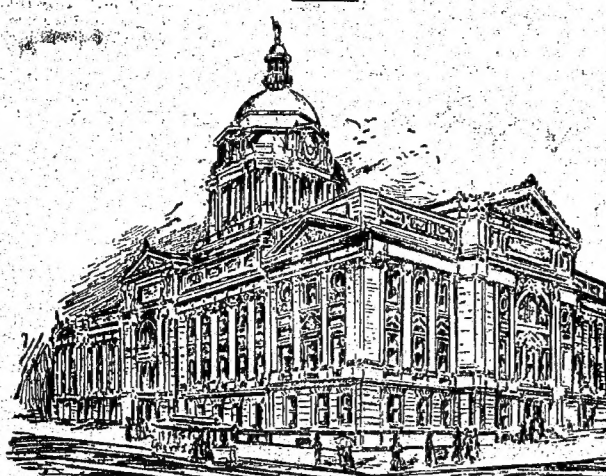
"I don't see why those girls don't go in for fencing. It is such a splendid exercise, and not hard to learn. Quite a few of my girl friends fence, and we have pleasant matches together."

The favorite system of fencing now practiced by the society woman is of the French school, which, as is well known, was founded on the old sword-play of Spain, which was introduced into France and later into Italy by the Spanish Bourbons. While the Italian masters have kept to this day the long foil with its bell-shaped guard, the direct descendant of the old Spanish rapier, the French have modernized the weapon and the fencing foil of today is the result. Scientific fencing as practiced to-day dates from the sixteenth century, and was originally the sport of kings and nobles. King Henry III. and Louis XVI. of France were both expert swordsmen, and when the Bourbons returned to France after the fall of Napoleon fencing in all its glory was revived. The year 1815 was the culminating point of the science. It was then that the two Barons, Jean Louis, Borsiere, Saint-George, and La Fange were the recognized masters of the art in Europe.

When Cain Killed Abel. There is a very general misconception of a well-known passage in the Book of Genesis with regard to Cain's place of abode after he had killed his brother Abel. The expression reads: "Cain went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod," but learned commentators express the opinion that this should read, "land, Nod," the preposition being unnecessary. The word Nod is said to mean a wanderer, and, if Biblical students are to be trusted in this matter, the passage means Cain went out and dwelt in the land a wanderer or exile from his people, the presumption being that he was obliged to keep away from his immediate family for fear of their vengeance, an additional precaution for his safety being indicated by the fact that a mark was placed upon him. The question where Cain got his wife is a silly quibble which frequently comes up in Sunday schools and other places; silly from the fact that if the Biblical account of the origin of the human race from a single pair be received as correct, there may have been several thousand of human beings in the world long before the death of Cain.

The Literature of the Day. Prison Librarian—What sort of book would you like to have? Convent—Got any bicycle catalogues? Exchange.

MILLION DOLLAR COURTHOUSE FOR FORT WAYNE.



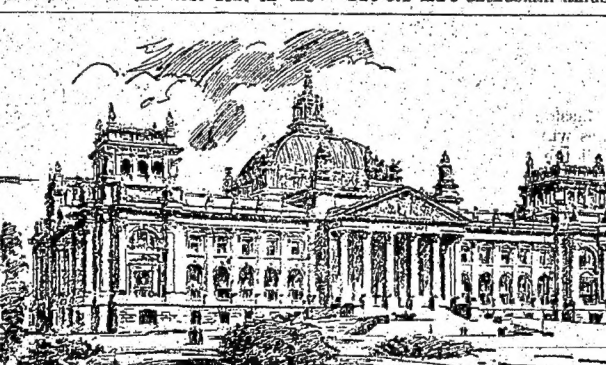
THE new court house which is to be erected by Allen County, Ind., is perhaps one of the finest public buildings in the State. The new building was selected from among a number of designs proposed by many architects. When finished it will have cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. The location is in the heart of the city of Fort Wayne, and it will stand for a century as a monument to the present generation. The court house proper will be 134 by 272 feet, but in addition there will be a power station three squares away, which will furnish, through a tunnel, the power to run the elevators, make the electric light and heat the building. Sculpture work has been provided for on the outer panels of the building, and there will be carved the busts of George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Little Turtle and Captain Allen, after whom the county was named. The scenes of some of the historical battles fought in the locality will also be carved on the panels. One of the great features of the building will be the court rooms. There will be four of them, all inside rooms, with corridors and office rooms between them and the streets. The light is perfect and comes from the roof, without any side light whatever. The building is as nearly non-combustible as modern skill and knowledge can make it.

THE REICHTAG.

Interesting Sketch of Germany's Representative Lawmaking Body. The political complexion of the law-making body of the German Empire is as varied as the rainbow. The different parties are so numerous that at times it is a difficult matter to identify them. There are 359 members of the Reichstag and at present they are divided as follows: 58 Conservatives, 27 Imperialists, 100 Centrists, 46 National Liberals, 14 Radical Unionists and Richtersites Radicals, 25 Freisinnige Volkspartei Richtersites, 13 Social Reformers, 19 Poles, 12 Deutsche Volkspartei, 48 Socialists, 30 Independents, including 6 Guelphs, 3 Bavarian peasant party and two seats vacant.

The hall in which the Reichstag meets does not give one the impression of being extraordinarily large, although looking down from the galleries it seems a very deep room. Its acoustic properties, however, would only be excusable in a very large hall. The walls are much higher, the galleries are further from the floor, the President's chair is more distant from those of the members, and, altogether, this one hall is on a bigger scale than the corresponding halls of Congress. Like so many public halls in Germany, it is characterized by an absence of proper ventilation. The Germans, who are implacable foes to fresh air, do not appear to notice this deficiency, which sometimes forces even the most enthusiastic American to depart earlier than he would otherwise desire.

The President of the Reichstag sits at a table raised above the floor of the house, in a high-backed chair, on which the Prussian eagle figures very prominently. Just below the President's table is another one, where several Ministers sit, usually those at the head of the department which is concerned in the question being discussed at the time in the Reichstag. Within this charmed circle sit the stenographers, whose work goes down those steps to the outside world. On the level with the President's desk are the desks of the Bundesrath, two rows on either side, fifteen seats in each front row, eight in each second row, making up the forty-six in all. The Chancellor of the empire has the first seat in the front row to the right of the Speaker, facing the House.



WHERE THE REICHTAG MEETS.

front row to the right of the Speaker, facing the House. The arrangements for the seating of the Deputies are not marked with extravagance, and in comparing them with those of the Congressmen in Washington the latter seem immeasurably grand. In the Reichstag the Deputies do not have individual desks; instead, a number of them share one long desk, each with a lamp. Each member has an individual drawer, and that is something.

Ordinarily, when there is nothing of moment going on, the sessions of the Reichstag are terribly uninteresting. The sessions are supposed to open at 1 o'clock, but they begin about twenty minutes later. The room fills slowly, and business proceeds in a rather informal manner. The members pay attention if they are interested in what the speaker is saying, or chat with their neighbors or busy themselves with their writing if they are not. There is a continual buzzing undertone of conversation, which the speaker of the moment is usually powerless to drown.

When the President wishes to say something that must be heard he rings a bell, and the momentary hush which arises allows his voice to be heard. Then the hum begins again. When a man has something of importance to say, he usually takes his stand at the top of the steps leading down from the desks where the President and the Bundesrath sit, but many men simply rise in their seats and speak from the floor.

Flying Machines. The subject of aerial navigation is now so prominently before the public that reminiscences as to its beginning may not be out of order. The principle of the balloon was conceived by Albert of Saxony, as early as the fourteenth century, and successful balloons were made by a Portuguese Jesuit, Francesco Mendonza. The first balloon ascensions were made by the Montgolfiers in 1783, since which time balloon flights have become so common as to attract little attention. The idea that a piece of mechanism could be devised which should navigate the air, irrespective of the winds or currents, has long been entertained, and it is said that over 1,000 patents have been taken out in England and this country on flying machines. Most of them combine the balloon principle with a propelling power, the former for the purpose of sustaining the weight of the necessary machinery and of the operator. It is probably only a question of time when some of these devices will prove successful, and, according to common report, several inventors have already solved the problem. There must always, however, be a large element of danger in navigating the atmosphere, and it is probable that even if flying machines become a success the most of the human race will be contented with terra firma modes of travel.

A man is always looking for a nicer brand of smoking tobacco, and a woman for a better style of curling-iron.

SNUFF BOXES OF GREAT COST.

Seven Thousand Dollars Paid for One at a London Sale Recently.

Snuff boxes have long been mediums of diplomacy and the favorite object of the collector's passion. The amount of sentiment in old snuff boxes can only be appreciated by those collecting them, but as virtu their artistic attractions will appeal to the general beholder, for the fine workmanship of the very old boxes cannot be passed by. In Europe to this day a snuff box is the prize gift of royalty to courtiers deserving recognition. The snuff will be absent, but the jeweled etui is the more welcome perhaps on that account, and if not added to the family heirlooms is often exchanged at the nearest salver's for something more useful.

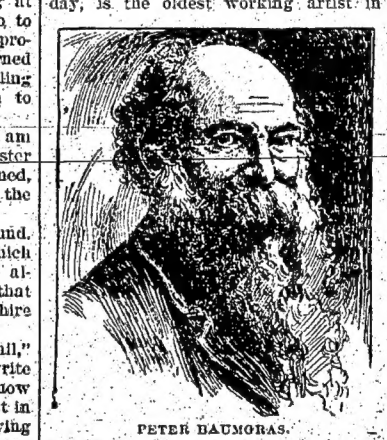
A superb collection of old French snuff boxes, formed by an English gentleman, has just been sold in London, the dealers from all parts of the continent and Great Britain attending en masse. The fame of this Mainwaring collection, it seems, was world-wide, for its exhibition previous to sale attracted large and fashionable crowds, besides those who came to buy. Some history or romance was attached to every piece of the 114 lots. Among the most precious was a Louis XVI. oblong gold box, the top ornamented with a blue enamel medallion, that was bought for \$10,000. One Louis XV. oblong gold box, having the top painted with a lady and two children, in a room, the sides and bottom ornamented, went for \$750.

One of the most exquisite had a top of exquisite enamel, the lady's head a marvel of loveliness, and surrounded with bouquets of flowers. It cost the purchaser the tidy sum of \$1,500. But one of the most costly was a large Louis XVI. oval gold box, with six panels of green translucent enamel, top panel with an exquisite enamel of "Leda and the Swan," that brought \$2,750. An octagonal gold box of the Louis XVI. period, inlaid on top and bottom with two panels of oriental onyx. In the upper panel a medallion of a lady surrounded by a frame composed of forty-four fine brilliants, came within \$75 of the "Leda." Several of the rarest specimens had enamels by Dumas after Greuze, Boucher and Fragonard.

The highest figures, however, were commanded by a large Louis XVI. gold box, with six plaques of figures, after the latter artist, in brilliant colors, for someone with money to burn paid \$7,250 for what the connoisseurs declared to be a treasure. It is improbable that these exceedingly lovely boxes ever held any snuff, but were rather used as bonbonnières, or as caskets for some yet more precious jewel than themselves.—Boston Herald.

OLDEST CHICAGO ARTIST.

Prof. Peter Baumgras Who Recently Celebrated His Seventieth Birthday, is the Oldest Working Artist in America.



PETER BAUMGRAS.

Chicago, and, maybe, in all American life, at work 365 days in the year" is his studio at the top of the Lakeside Building, says the Times-Herald. He is, too, the only painter of shells in the world, and nobody understands the aesthetic side of conchology if one may so speak, so well as he. He has the finest private collections of shells in the country, and his representations of them in oil colors upon canvases adorn the walls of many art galleries, public and private, east and west. He was born in Bavaria, where his grandfather was the Benvenuto Cellini of the kingdom. Peter, when a boy, attracted the attention of the King by his ability as an artist student, and received \$100 from the royal purse. He studied art in Dusseldorf, and in 1853 he came to the United States. For many years he lived in Washington, and it was in his studio that Franklin Simmons modeled his bust of General Grant. Professor Baumgras at that time painted a portrait of the hero, which is one of the best in existence. The shell painter was personally acquainted with Lincoln, and has many anecdotes to tell of that great man's ways and words. In 1871 Professor Baumgras went to Panama to sketch and study. While there he met Professor Agassiz, and the two became good friends. The artist says, "Youthfully, that he expects to do the best work of his life in the next ten years."

Blue Laws.

The celebrated Code of Blue Laws, so frequently alluded to in American histories, were enacted in 1660 by the legislators of Connecticut. Brewer says: "It is almost verbatim copied from the Mosaic law. After the restoration of Charles II., 'Presbyterian true blue' became a term of derision applied to anything which smattered of Puritanism, and 'blue laws' simply meant puritanical laws, or laws with a blue tinge. These laws inflicted the penalty of death for worshipping any god but the God of the Bible; for speaking disrespectfully of the Bible, Christ or the Holy Ghost; for witchcraft, theft, false swearing and disobedience to parents."

What Riled Him.

"I don't think you ought to be so bitter against the president of the Bussnup-brother," said the pastor. "Remember, brother, that he lost all of your money, as well as some of yours." "That is just what riles me," said the brother with the long upper lip and the mouth that looked as if it had been made with an ax. "To think of losing my money to a blame fool!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Actors like to play Hamlet, for then the ghost walks every night.

FINEST BUILDING IN AMERICA.

The New Congressional Library and a Brief Review of Its History.

A total floor space of 327,637 square feet, almost eight acres. Four hundred thousand cubic feet of granite. Forty-three miles of shelves. These figures furnish an idea of the magnitude of the new library of Congress. It is not only enormous but imposing and beautiful. It is conceded to be the grandest in the world.

The library of Congress was founded ten years after the United States became a nation. It began with a \$5,000 appropriation for books and one room set apart in the Capitol. Its annual appropriation was \$450. In fourteen years 3,000 books had been accumulated. Then came the destruction of the library in 1814 by the British. A new start was made the next year with 6,700 books purchased for \$25,950 from Thomas Jefferson. In 1851 there were 50,000 books in the library. Of these 35,000 were destroyed by fire on Christmas Day the same year. In 1852 there were 20,000 books. The forty-two miles of shelves were built to accommodate the 800,000 volumes now comprising the library.

Nine years ago work on the new building was commenced under the superintendence of the late Thomas Lincoln Casey, whose death occurred too soon for him to witness the triumph of his skill. The building is now completed.



Figure designed for the design of the Congressional Library at Washington.

It covers one block of ground and cost \$8,000,000. It has not a dark corner in it, so skillfully have inner courts been placed, aided by 1,800 windows. A vast and graceful pile in granite and marble. Without and within the finest achievements of contemporary sculptors and painters. The new library of Congress stands foremost among the buildings of the world designed for similar uses.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

A Change, Even if in Minor Things, Will Be a Great Benefit.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok gives some sensible advice upon "Going Away in Summer." He points to the mistake that instead of a rest and change so many women and girls, physically tired and in need of recuperation, make of their vacations a round of continuous gaiety, every moment crowded with some excitement or pleasure. In consequence, the woman who goes away for a rest comes back tired and worn out. Mr. Bok very truly says: "We all speak of 'going away' when we start on a vacation. But most of us do not go away. 'Going away' means cutting ourselves entirely free from everything that has entered into our lives during the year—away from things which have occupied us, away from disturbing troubles, away from depressing surroundings, away from one's daily self to seek for one's best self, away from familiar places and people. Such a change means a change in ourselves, in our thoughts, in our ideas, in our motives, in our outlook on everything. The idea that we must ever keep ourselves busy, even in vacation, so that the mind may not become rusted, is all nonsense."

For those who cannot go away Mr. Bok advises a change in their mode of living, or in their daily work. "We need a change in our lives," he contends, "even if it is only a change of rooms; of merely not sleeping in the same rooms in summer as we do in winter, or even a rearrangement of the furniture, of the curtains, carpets or pictures in our room—any change. No woman is so humble of circumstances that she cannot make her life pleasant and higher, bringing some change into it. A rest at home, with the mind refreshed by compassing minor changes from day to day, is oftentimes as much needed and as beneficial as a long journey to other places or in other lands. One's limitations are often of immeasurable good as they show us how to get personal benefit in spite of them. 'Going away' in the summer need not always mean leaving the city or leaving one's home. It is, of course, better if we can do so. But we can stay at home and yet 'go away'—go away from things as we have had them for a twelve-month, and make them different."

Couldn't Help It.

Deacon Blodgett (meeting Farmer Jones in market, with a load of produce)—Well, John, prices looking up some this week eh?

Farmer Jones (dryly)—Looking up? I guess they be! Can't help it very well, seem' they're flat on their back.—Harper's Bazar.

Experience Enough.

"I might give you a place as 'door-walker,'" said the merchant to the applicant for a situation, "if you had any experience."

"Well, sir," replied the seeker after work, "I am the father of ten children, including three sets of twins."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.

Brother Tom—Cheer up, Bobbie; I've got good news for yer. De doctor told me it was noomonie, wo't yer sick wid' n' dat she dasn't give yer a bath fer a month.—Judge.

Why is a foreign nobleman who marries an American heiress like a sailor? Because he's a mariner for money.

On record—A match dropped from a steamer lit on the water.

FLASHES OF FUN.

People whose opinions amount to anything never like to see a man without means blow himself just to keep up with the procession.

"Does your minister practice what he preaches?" "He has preached it so often he doesn't need to practice it any more."—Detroit Journal.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." "Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."—London Tid-Bits.

Bass—Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in? Fogg—That was mother talk; no baby I ever saw indulged in such gibberish.—Boston Transcript.

The Chaperon—You should never run down your friend, my dear. The Chaperon—No danger of that; they can all beat me at scorching.—New York Evening Journal.

Doctor (to female patient)—You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat.—Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits.—Fact and Fiction.

Mistress—Now, you must always sweep well behind the doors. Mary—Yes, ma'am, but for that it's the only way you can get the dust out of sight.—Punch.

Teacher—I want each of you to make a sentence using the word 'delight' in it. Small boy (colored)—Do wind come in de window an' blowed out de light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—I wonder if that couple are married. She—Certainly not. He—How can you tell? She—Why, they're been talking to each other for nearly half an hour.—New York World.

"Is this a healthy portion of the State?" asked a traveler in Arkansas. "Well, I should say it is. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnum—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as he did when we had a cook.—Boston Traveler.

"We have much new and valuable information concerning the Elvites, the Elvites, the Jebusites and the Moabites." His friend—How about the Mosquitobites?—Household Words.

"Poor chap! Bright fellow, but a hopeless idiot, I judge, from his talk." "No, indeed; he's merely quoting a little passage from the latest Scotch novel."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Clara—Are you not afraid, Maud, to marry old Daddy? I hear he gets horribly jealous without any cause. Maud—Don't be anxious, dear; I'll take care he never does that.—Punch.

"It's funny the shurre ain't scourin' the country for them stage robbers," said the postmaster. "I guess," ventured Rubberneck Bill, "that he ain't got the sand."—Indianapolis Journal.

Vigilans—What makes you so certain of Bawler's patriotism? Boggs—Why, he just boils over with indignation when he hears of the wrongs of foreigners that we have no interest in.—Truth.

Widow—Is it true, captain, that a sailor has a wife in every port? Old Tar (savagely)—Madam, the sailor needs the time he has ashore for rest and amusement.—Philadelphia North American.

Professor—What is the best cure for prolonged emaciation? Medical student—Throw the patient in the air. Professor—Eh? What? Medical student—He'll come down plump.—New York Press.

"My good man, do you ever do anything to bring light and purity into the homes of your fellow men?" "Yes." "You distribute tracts?" "No; I clean windows and beats carpets."—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. De Style (for effect)—Norah! Norah! Did you put my jewel case away? Norah—Yis, mum. O! did. There only foive camphor balls left in it. Shall I send for some more, mum?—New York Journal.

"George, I wish you'd leave this little package at the express office." "No carry a bundle! I guess not. Besides, I've got to lug both my tires and a handle bar down to the repair shop."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—You say you married a western man? She—Yes. "And that he never drinks?" "Never." "Nor smokes?" "No, sir." "Nor loses his temper?" "That's what I said." "When did he die?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mickey Donnan—Hello, Bill! How did you like being a caddie? Billy Nolan—Ah! I didn't like it at all, at all. First de feller he towld be ter kape me eye on de ball, den he gave me de ball in de eye.—Harper's Bazar.

"I surely had a royal and noble time," said he recapitulating. "I had four kings, and in the row that ensued I had to put up my dukes and the upshot of it all was I was indicted on three counts.—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—Can you tell me in what year Caesar invaded Britain? Pupil—Yes, ma. Teacher—What year was it? Pupil—You can't expect me to answer two questions in succession. That question belongs to the next in the class.—Boston Transcript.

"It seems to me," said one young woman "that Harold talks more clearly on the tariff than anyone else I have ever heard." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He has the advantage of not knowing enough about it to get his ideas confused."—Washington Star.

Shaving by Machinery.

Shaving a man twenty-five seconds is a feat deserving of the highest praise and reward by all such as value their time. The feat has been rendered easy of performance by the construction of a shaving machine of wood, reported to have been made by one Melchor Parkas, a convict in the penitentiary of the city of Szegedin, Hungary. Parkas was put to labor in the cabinet-making shop of the prison, and, taking to his work with a will, he soon displayed great inventive ingenuity. With his machine he is said to have shaved all the inmates of the prison, nearly 150 in number, within less than an hour's time. The report fails to state, however, to what extent the shaving by machinery did or did not succeed in giving comfort to the sufferer in the chair.

Nature Rountabout in Texas.
Grand old Texas is very kind to her children. This year's product will give to each inhabitant one bale of cotton, six bushels of wheat and forty bushels of corn, one fat hog, two bushels of peaches, twenty bushels of oats, one-quarter of beef, thirty dozen eggs, ten chickens, one turkey, two pounds of honey, ten pounds of wool, half a mutton, half a bushel of Irish potatoes, twenty watermelons and many things unnecessary to mention.—Dallas News.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK,

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

For a cure, not only ought not to let your self go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say: "For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—Mrs. ANNIE CURTIS, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer
is cooling hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES

Rootbeer
should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delicious and satisfying than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold everywhere.

Radway's Ready Relief.

His Life-long friend.
It is the only PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments.

Put in water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is no other remedy in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers. It is RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

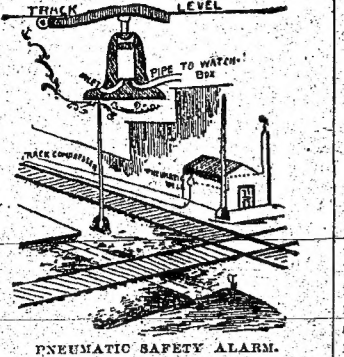
Western Wheel Works

CHICAGO, ILL.
CALIFORNIA FREE

GET RICH quickly. Send for "30 Inventions Want" and "Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N. Y."

A LOCOMOTIVE ALARM.

To Warn the Flagman of a Crossing of the Tracks. The accompanying cut explains the pneumatic safety arrangement designed for grade crossings. It is arranged so that either the flange or tread of the locomotive wheel will depress a piston in a cylinder as the engine passes by, irrespective of its being empty or loaded, or running fast or slow. To the cylinder there is attached a



PNEUMATIC SAFETY ALARM.

Why Barnum Got Lind.

Here is a curious story about the famous Swedish songstress, Jenny Lind. Goldschmidt, the Swedish cantatrice's accompanist, had gone to America to seek his fortune. It had been a hard parting, for he loved the singer (he afterward married her), and the result was disappointment. He was about to return home when he met Barnum and complained to him of his ill luck. Barnum was equally unhappy. He had tried everything—"Circus, violin virtuosity, dancers, educated actors, learned lecturers"—but all in vain. Then Goldschmidt suggested that he knew a singer in England who might be a card in America.

"A singer? Pah! What's her name?" "Jenny Lind." "That's no name," retorted Barnum. "But she sings beautifully." "Good thing for her, but no business for me." "But she's the greatest singer in England." "Better still for her; but we'll talk about something else," said the prince of managers. After a while spent in talk on other subjects, Goldschmidt returned to the attack.

"For God's sake," Barnum broke in impatiently, "leave me in peace with your singer. We have as many singers as there are sands on the seashore." "Fly," replied Goldschmidt, carelessly. "Perhaps after all something might be done with the Swedish nightingale." Barnum leaped to his feet. "What's that? Swedish?" "That's what they call her in England." "What is she called?" "The Swedish nightingale." "The Swedish nightingale? Write at once to Miss Jenny Lind. I will engage her for 100 concerts; \$50,000 down, free voyage, and living for three persons. At once!" "But, my dear friend, you haven't heard her!" "Heard her! What the devil do I know about made? Swedish nightingale! Immense! And you, unlucky wretch, have waited till now before telling me!"

How It Came to Be Victoria.

The prince had been told by the prime minister that every one could understand. What better name, he thought, than Queen Elizabeth's. He mildly suggested "Elizabeth." "On no account," said the prince regent. "Charlotte, after your royal mother and the child's royal aunt." "Certainly not." The Duchess of Kent relieved her feelings by a flood of tears. The Princess Mary kissed her and the baby cried. This spurred the mild archbishop. "What name is it your royal highness' pleasure to command?" "What's her mother's name?" "Victoria," answered the Duke of Kent. But his intervention was met by an irate look from the regent. The Duke of York, seeing that the christening must be hastened forward if it was to be got through with at all, took on himself to say, "Alexandra Victoria." And so the Queen named a fitting name for the last of the Georgian dynasty, but less suitable for a glorious reign of sixty years than Victoria.—Contemporary Review.

To restore scorched linen take two onions, peel and slice them and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap and add two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well and spread it when cool over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterward wash out the linen.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for



FARM AND GARDEN

A Delicious Fruit.

A type of berry in cultivation in but few places is the dewberry, which is a trailing form of the blackberry. The best dewberry is the Lucretia named in 1875 in honor of Mrs. Lucretia Garfield. The fruit is early, of large size, and attractive in appearance and its reclining habit of growth makes it valuable, as it affords opportunity for



CLUSTER OF LUCRETIA DEWBERRIES.

Winter protection.

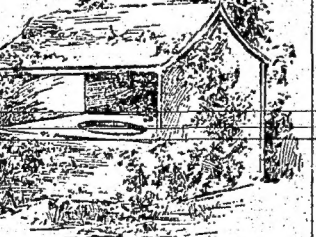
It is very fruitful. The canes and lower sides of the leaves are very thorny, which makes picking very unpleasant, but proper pruning and mulching largely overcome this. Trellising is often resorted to and for small plantations can be easily adopted, but for field culture it is not deemed advisable. It is usual to plant about four feet apart each way and cultivate until the new canes get so long as to prevent it. The old canes are removed any time after fruiting, but if trellises are used the young canes are not tied up until the next spring. In the north, it is well to protect with light covering during winter. A mulch is often placed under the canes to keep berries clean and the weeds down.—Farm and Home.

Windmill on the Farm.

Probably the simplest and most inexpensive of the appliances for raising water is the windmill. A sixteen-foot windmill connected with a storage reservoir will raise water enough for the irrigation of about ten acres. You will observe that I have said that such a mill must be used in connection with a storage reservoir. The windmill would not have a sufficient capacity to deliver the amount of water needed if the water was wholly used during the time the pumping was going on. A reservoir with a pumping capacity of several million gallons may be constructed at a comparatively small expense, and into this reservoir the windmill pumps throughout the year, filling it up and affording a supply which will be drawn off during the irrigating season.

Roadside Watering Place.

A simple plan for making an attractive roadside watering place is shown in the illustration here reproduced from the Country Gentleman. A hoghead contains the water that is brought to it by a pipe. The sides and top are boxed in, and a roof is carried up over the whole. Over this vines are trained until the little building is fairly hidden by them. It may be thought that this is a considerable trouble to take for a watering place, but everything that enhances the beauty of a roadside enhances the value of the property adjacent to it and increases the respect of travelers for those who live adjacent. Well constructed roads, well kept roads, attractive watering places and properly marked guideposts indicate the vicinity of cultured, thrifty up-to-date residents.



A ROADSIDE WATERING PLACE.

Potato Bugs on Tomatoes.

One of the surprises to many tomato growers is that the potato beetle lays its eggs on tomato leaves just as freely, and the larva hatched therefrom are just as voracious, as if they had their own proper food. All branches of the solanum family are attacked by the potato bug, and even when pushed by hunger their larva cannot be forced to eat anything else, much less to thrive and grow to maturity on other vegetation.

Fatten Old Hens.

The hens that cease laying and which are intended for meat, need not be sold at a loss. Just before selling them let them be confined for ten days or two weeks, and give them all the wheat in the morning and corn at night that they can eat, with a mixed ration at noon. Do not confine them in coops,

but put a number together in a yard. They will, if made fat, not only be a pound or two heavier, but bring more than the market price per pound.—Maine Farmer.

Butter Making.

In a close, crowded and ill-ventilated stable, where there is too little air space for each animal, the air becomes foul from the exhalations, and this affects the milk, as well as the health of the animals. The remedy in this case is to provide more room for the stock and better ventilation. The stable should be kept as clean as possible, and the cows well bedded and clean. The utmost cleanliness should be observed in milking. All dirt should be brushed from the cow before beginning to milk, and it is best to dampen the udder and flank of the cow, so as to prevent the dust and fine dirt from falling into the milk. The milk should be strained immediately after milking, and not allowed to stand in the cow stable any. A good strainer is indispensable, and one of cloth is much better than one of wire gauze. Milk pails should always be made of tin, and the seams should be soldered smooth, so that there will be no places for the dirt to lodge where it will be difficult to remove. They, as well as other dairy utensils, should be thoroughly cleaned every time after using. Tin articles should be washed first in cool, then in hot water, and after that thoroughly scalded with boiling water or steam. They should then be dried in fresh air, and, if possible, in the sunlight. In cleaning the butter bowl, ladle, worker, churn and any other wooden utensil, they should be first washed with hot water, then scalded with boiling water and steam.

Care of the Icebox.

The care of a refrigerator involves more than the obvious necessity of seeing that no accumulation of food is allowed to spoil therein. A prudent housewife will likewise direct that the ice itself, in extreme heat, be covered with newspapers, than which there is no better preventive of its rapid melting away. She will see that the shelves are frequently scoured and kept perfectly sweet, but that no hot water is employed for this purpose. She will give orders that the draining water be cooled by being placed under the ice, and not by having the ice put into it. And, last of all, she will endeavor to convince the maids that there is no magic preservation on top of the refrigerator and that that particular spot is quite as warm as any other part of the storeroom; also that the coolest place in the box underneath is underneath the ice—that is, on those shelves beneath it—and not, as so often supposed, on top of it. Thus, anything placed over the can of ice is much warmer than what is put away within the refrigerator.—St. Louis Republic.

A Summer Hog Pen.

The swine quarters are often in buildings connected with the house, and in such cases are likely to become offensive during the warm weather of summer. It is wise in such a case to construct summer quarters out in the orchard. The cut gives a suggestion for a cheap little house and yard. The end of the yard has a sloping top, so that the pigs can lie out of doors from the sun. The roof of the little house can be of matched lumber and left unfinished.



FOR THE HOGS.

Co-operation.

There should be more co-operation among the farmers; co-operation in buying, as well as in selling. Hearty intelligent co-operation is the farmer's only weapon of defense against the middleman, the speculator and the commission man. By co-operation there is retained in the community not only all the profit which the speculator and commission man make, but also the wages which are paid to the men who do all the labor of handling the produce. Let us talk the matter over until every one is interested in it, and has some outlined plan of association.—The Agriculturist.

Feeding Pigs.

In my own experiments in feeding hogs to produce the best quality of meat I fed ground wheat and oats in equal parts, and not more than one-fourth corn. I also fed skim milk and rye pumpkins in connection with these, and secured a much larger per cent. of lean meat than when fed exclusively corn and also a much stronger bone and a healthier hog, and, of course, better port.—New England Farmer.

Narrow-Leaved Plantain.

This is a bad weed in pastures and meadows, though as it is easily killed it is not troublesome in cultivated ground. It is called by English farmers "lamb's tongue" and when cut with a young it makes very fair hay. It should be cut or the field plowed before it seeds, as the seeds are very numerous. When the ground is once well seeded with this weed it is never after free from it.

Color of Growing Corn.

The darker green the color of corn is the more vigorous will be its growth. This means plenty of sunlight and plenty of nitrogenous plant food. The richer the soil the closer corn can be planted and yet produce good ears. In the South on poor land corn is often planted 4 1/2 by 5 feet apart, and not more than one or two grains to a hill even at that distance.

Grass-feeding in Corn.

At the second cutting, before the corn is hoed, sow on grass seed with a liberal hand. It is important that the entire surface of the ground be covered. Even seedling will do much toward keeping down weeds. I have a field seeded in this way last season, and it is in first-class condition. Bone dust was sown at the same time.—Agriculturist.

Protect Sheep's Noses.

The flies will soon be at work. Prepare for them by using tar on the sheep's noses; it drives off the flies by its smell, or the flies stick to it. If mixed with grease of any kind, half and half, it will be less apt to harden and dry.—Maine Farmer.

BICYCLE FIGURES.

Some Interesting Facts Regarding the Output of American Bicycles in 1897 by the Western Wheel Works, of Chicago, Ill.

The idea of this article is to convey to the reader a conception of the enormous amount of material consumed during a season in supplying the demand for one of the most popular bicycles made. The Western Wheel Works, Chicago, makers of the Crescent brand, have the largest, and without doubt the most complete bicycle factory in the world, and can turn out when running at fullest capacity 725 finished Crescents in twelve hours, or a complete "up to date" bicycle per minute.

The following figures are based on the actual amount of the principal parts of material used by them during 1897 in the manufacture of Crescent bicycles, during which season they made more high-grade bicycles than any other two factories in the country.

They used 350 miles of tubing, or enough to reach from Chicago to St. Paul if placed in a straight line. The spokes were made in their own factory, and required 780 miles of wire, or equivalent, from Chicago to Lincoln, Neb.; 50 miles of brass rod was required for spoke nipples. If the spokes, spoke nipples and tubing were placed in a straight line they would reach from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains at Denver. The cranks, if placed end to end, would cover a distance of 14 miles. They used 35 pedal axles, and 19 miles of steel for seat posts. If the rims that were used in the manufacture of Crescents in '96 were placed one upon the other they would make a pile 10,000 feet high, 6,000 feet higher than Pike's Peak and about the height of Mount Elbert in Alaska, whose summit has never yet been reached by man. If placed in a straight line, side by side, these rims would reach a distance of 14 miles. They used 17 1/2 miles of steel for the crank hangers on the rear wheels, and 113 510 tons, and when finished, 21 1/2 tons, showing a complete waste of 91 910 tons in drilling and finishing. It required 14,824 square feet of sheet steel to make the Crescent hollow tooth sprockets, and 21,876 square feet for the steel stampings of the head and seat post clamps, and in all enough flat steel to cover an area of 114 acres. There were used 10 miles of cork grips, 104 miles of finished spokes, and 28 miles of steel wire to put frames together by brazing. The finished chains, end to end, would reach 70 miles, and the different pieces of which the chain is composed would reach 237 1/2 miles, or in all 307 1/2 miles. The bearings of 1380 Crescents required 3,907 3/4 tons of steel. If placed in a straight line, side by side, would reach a distance of 45 1/2 miles. To lace the chain and dress guards on the ladies' Crescents manufactured in 1897 required 434,150 yards of cord, or 240 1/2 miles, enough to allow a small boy to stand on the top of the Auditorium tower in Chicago and fly his kite over the people in Des Moines, Iowa, could see it. To supply Crescents sold in 1897 required 1,000,422 holes, and 1,458,000 screws, having an aggregate weight of 23 tons. Sixteen and one-quarter miles of spring steel were used in the manufacture of saddle springs, and the saddle and tool kit together used 177,883 square feet, or over 4 acres of leather. The total weight of the complete bicycles was 2,352,842 pounds, or 1,019 tons. To crate these bicycles required 1,235,740 square feet of lumber made up in pieces, which would make a distance of 1,129 miles more than the distance from New York to Chicago; 72,718,000 separate and distinct pieces entered into the construction of 95 Crescents, and if all were laid in a straight line, end to end, they would reach from New York to some distance in the Pacific Ocean, west of San Francisco.—Crescent Bulletin, July 1, 1897.

The Angelus Bird.

When traveling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell-ringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or a convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent. He is as large as a Jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head. It is conical in shape and about four inches in length.—From the Guardian Angel.

Poison in the Coffee.

Few people who habitually drink coffee, several times a day, realize the amount of poison they are distributing through their system. All coffee contains caffeine, and the caffeine is the more of that slow poison. By experimenting with pure grains a substitute for fine coffee has been produced. It is called Grain-O. There is nothing about it to hurt the most delicate system. It strengthens the nerves and is nourishing to old and young alike. The smallest child can drink Grain-O without any bad effects. While it tastes like and has the seal brown color of the finest Mocha or Java coffee it contains all the nourishing qualities. It costs only one-quarter as much as coffee. Sold by all grocers; 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Ask for Grain-O.

Rain Charged with Electricity.

A remarkable shower of electrified rain recently fell in Cordova, Spain. At the close of a close, warm day, the sky became heavy with clouds. Soon after dark there was a flash of lightning, followed by great drops of rain, which cracked faintly on reaching the ground, sparks flying from each of them. This remarkable incident ceased as the air became heavy with moisture.

Shake Out Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

To Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

Through Sleeping Car to Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via Denver, is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:30 p. m. Office, 211 Clark street.

People who possess the virtue of retiring early are not always the first to rise in the world.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD-DEEP.

PURE, HEALTHY BLOOD MEANS BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Intestinal Microbes Poison the Blood.

"When the Bowels Are Constipated—Drive Them Out by Making the Liver Live!"

"Beauty is skin deep." That is wrong. Beauty is blood deep.

A person constipated, with a lazy liver, bilious blood, dyspeptic stomach, has pimples and liver spots and a sallow complexion.

No one with a furred tongue, a bad breath, a jaundiced eye, can be beautiful, no matter how perfect are form and features.

To be beautiful, to become beautiful, or remain beautiful, the blood must be kept pure and free from bile microbes, disintegrating and other impurities. Dr. Cassell's Candy Cathartic will do it for you quickly, surely, naturally. They never grip nor gripe, but make the liver lively, sweeten the stomach, kill disease germs, "tone up" the bowels, purify the blood and make all things right, as they should be. Then beauty comes of itself and of course.

Buy and try Cassell's Candy Cathartic. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

A Door Takes Its Own Photograph.

Charles Hughes, of Red Bluff, Cal., has succeeded in taking a most remarkable picture of a deer. He chose a spot where deer were known to be plentiful and set up his camera and a flash-light apparatus in such a way that a deer in passing would press the button, opening the shutter of the camera and firing the flash-light.

The next day he found that the button had been pressed and on developing the plate he found an excellent picture of a frightened deer. It was taken in the middle of the previous night, when no one was within miles of the camera.

Hints to Hunters.

To get good results in any kind of shooting, uniform, reliable ammunition is absolutely necessary. Experience has taught the most successful hunters that it pays to always use ammunition made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., as it is unequalled for accuracy, reliability, uniformity and strength.

Winchester ammunition can be bought everywhere, as it is in great demand all over the world. Like Winchester guns, it is the standard of the world. It costs no more than inferior makes, and it is a thousand times better. Send for a large illustrated catalogue free.

Chinese Wife Trade.

The Chinese in Australia and elsewhere send home to China for their wives, and bargaining is quite a matter of business. The price of wives is said to be falling, because the supply is exceeding the demand. The Chinamen, when they take a notion to marry, write to a matrimonial agent in Hong Kong. One letter was as follows: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyes must be half an inch in length."

There is a regular tariff for these wives. The price of a Chinese woman delivered in Sydney is \$100, but two Chinese women only cost \$200; therefore, the Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees the women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best-looking one. The other is shown around a number of well-to-do Chinese, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what may be called public auction.

The Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, is the original house to sell reliable bicycles at low prices direct to the rider. They have built a large business by their honorable dealings and have won the entire confidence of their customers. As is usually the case, they have many imitators who seek to share in the reflected light of the house which won its prestige by conceiving this popular idea and then carrying it out. The Mead Cycle Co., Chicago, simply asks the buyer to believe that the house which leads and controls the best sources of supply is the best house to do business with.

A Scottish member of Parliament has delivered a lecture on golf, in which he traced the game to the Garden of Eden.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Gosberry foot is a corruption of gosberry foot, milled or pressed gosberries.

If the care of the hair were made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

The barber, like the detective, mugs his customers.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 433 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, 1895.

The understater re-rehearses his part after each performance.

Success comes by inches, disappointment by the foot.

Do You Know that There Is Science in Neatness? Be Wise and Use SAPOLIO.

Harvest Excursions!

AUG. 3 AND 17, To the Farm regions of the West, North-west and South-west. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C. & N. W. stations and at many Eas. Stop-over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.

GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to J. S. FOSTER, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. W., Chicago.

Enterprises of Great Fifth and Monroe.

Have, are now, had their currents "turned away," as Hallet says, by an attack of dyspepsia. Napoleon failed to improve his advantage at Austerlitz in consequence. It is said, of indigestion brought on by some indiscretion in eating. In order to avoid dyspepsia, abstain from over-indulgence, and precede the meal by a wineglassful of Hallet's Stomach Bitters, more effective than any dietetic in improving the tone of the stomach. Liver complaints, chills and fever, and rheumatism are annihilated by the Bitters.

A \$100,000 Telephone Line.

The new telephone line between Berlin and Budapest is now a certainty, for work upon it was begun on April 1, and will be carried on at such a rate that the entire line will be in operation by the month of September. To expedite matters work was started simultaneously at thirteen points. The total length of the line will be about 600 miles, of which 378 miles are in Germany, 170 in Austria, 50 in Hungary, and the remaining 207 miles in Hungary proper. The total cost of this telephone line will not exceed \$100,000.

Real Warm Weather Rest and Comfort.

There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which, druggists and shoe dealers say, is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen, burning, sore and tender aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes light on new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample free to any address.

A Drains Estimate.

If the entire population of the world is considered to be 1,400,000,000, the brains of this number of human beings would weigh 1,922,712 tons, or as much as ninety-six ironclads of the ordinary size.

The Serpent in Art.

The serpent is in Christian art an attribute of St. Cecilia, St. Euphemia and many other saints, being assigned to them either because they destroyed the power of Satan or because they cleared one or another country of reptiles.

Good Blood Is Good Health.

Good blood is blood that is rich and pure and loaded with nourishment for nerves, muscles, tissues and organs. Good blood makes the whole body healthy and keeps it so. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood; therefore, cures all scrofulous eruptions, that tired feeling, dyspepsia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills—cure-nausea, indigestion.—25c.

The Bicycle Sensation.

1897 COLUMBIAS AT \$75.

Standard of the World.

1896 Columbias . . . at \$60
1897 Hartford . . . at \$50
Hartford Pattern 2 . . . at \$45
Hartford Pattern 1 . . . at \$40
Hartford Patterns 5 and 6 at \$30

These are the new prices. They have set the whole bicycle world talking—and buying.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2-cent stamp.

J. H. OSTRANDER, OPTICIAN.

Once with Spaulding & Co., Jewelers and Silversmiths, CORNER STATE STREET AND JACKSON BLDG., CHICAGO.

EARN A BICYCLE

600 Second Hand Bicycles. \$100.00. \$125.00. \$150.00. \$175.00. \$200.00. \$225.00. \$250.00. \$275.00. \$300.00. \$325.00. \$350.00. \$375.00. \$400.00. \$425.00. \$450.00. \$475.00. \$500.00. \$525.00. \$550.00. \$575.00. \$600.00. \$625.00. \$650.00. \$675.00. \$700.00. \$725.00. \$750.00. \$775.00. \$800.00. \$825.00. \$850.00. \$875.00. \$900.00. \$925.00. \$950.00. \$975.00. \$1000.00. \$1025.00. \$1050.00. \$1075.00. \$1100.00. \$1125.00. \$1150.00. \$1175.00. \$1200.00. \$1225.00. \$1250.00. \$1275.00. \$1300.00. \$1325.00. \$1350.00. \$1375.00. \$1400.00. \$1425.00. \$1450.00. \$1475.00. \$1500.00. \$1525.00. \$1550.00. \$1575.00. \$1600.00. \$1625.00. \$1650.00. \$1675.00. \$1700.00. \$1725.00. \$1750.00. \$1775.00. \$1800.00. \$1825.00. \$1850.00. \$1875.00. \$1900.00. \$1925.00. \$1950.00. \$1975.00. \$2000.00. \$2025.00. \$2050.00. \$2075.00. \$2100.00. \$2125.00. \$2150.00. \$2175.00. \$2200.00. \$2225.00. \$2250.00. \$2275.00. \$2300.00. \$2325.00. \$2350.00. \$2375.00. \$2400.00. \$2425.00. \$2450.00. \$2475.00. \$2500.00. \$2525.00. \$2550.00. \$2575.00. \$2600.00. \$2625.00. \$2650.00. \$2675.00. \$2700.00. \$2725.00. \$2750.00. \$2775.00. \$2800.00. \$2825.00. \$2850.00. \$2875.00. \$2900.00. \$2925.00. \$2950.00. \$2975.00. \$3000.00. \$3025.00. \$3050.00. \$3075.00. \$3100.00. \$3125.00. \$3150.00. \$3175.00. \$3200.00. \$3225.00. \$3250.00. \$3275.00. \$3300.00. \$3325.00. \$3350.00. \$3375.00. \$3400.00. \$3425.00. \$3450.00. \$3475.00. \$3500.00. \$3525.00. \$3550.00. \$3575.00. \$3600.00. \$3625.00. \$3650.00. \$3675.00. \$3700.00. \$3725.00. \$3750.00. \$3775.00. \$3800.00. \$3825.00. \$3850.00. \$3875.00. \$3900.00. \$3925.00. \$3950.00. \$3975.00. \$4000.00. \$4025.00. \$4050.00. \$4075.00. \$4100.00. \$4125.00. \$4150.00. \$4175.00. \$4200.00. \$4225.00. \$4250.00. \$4275.00. \$4300.00. \$4325.00. \$4350.00. \$4375.00. \$4400.00. \$4425.00. \$4450.00. \$4475.00. \$4500.00. \$4525.00. \$4550.00. \$4575.00. \$4600.00. \$4625.00. \$4650.00. \$4675.00. \$4700.00. \$4725.00. \$4750.00. \$4775.00. \$4800.00. \$4825.00. \$4850.00. \$4875.00. \$4900.00. \$4925.00. \$4950.00. \$4975.00. \$5000.00. \$5025.00. \$5050.00. \$5075.00. \$5100.00. \$5125.00. \$5150.00. \$5175.00. \$5200.00. \$5225.00. \$5250.00. \$5275.00. \$5300.00. \$5325.00. \$5350.00. \$5375.00. \$5400.00. \$5425.00. \$5450.00. \$5475.00. \$5500.00. \$5525.00. \$5550.00. \$5575.00. \$5600.00. \$5625.00. \$5650.00. \$5675.00. \$5700.00. \$5725.00. \$5750.00. \$5775.00. \$5800.00. \$5825.00. \$5850.00. \$5875.00. \$5900.00. \$5925.00. \$5950.00. \$5975.00. \$6000.00. \$6025.00. \$6050.00. \$6075.00. \$6100.00. \$6125.00. \$6150.00. \$6175.00. \$6200.00. \$6225.00. \$62

THREE DAYS.
So much to do; so little done!
Ah! yesterday I saw the sun
Sink gleaming down the vaulted gray—
The ghostly ghost of yesterday.
So little done; so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of today.
So much to do; so little done!
But when it's over—the victory won—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great glad tomorrow.
—James R. Gilmore.

ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENT.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.
"Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband from behind the open door. "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with him."
"But I must get some one to talk to him. Tom, I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see, Maud Affleck's at home. I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much about the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7:15."
The house party assembled for the Cumberland cricket week—consisting of the famous Cambridge Double Blue—Norman Harding and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of these heroes: Miss Affleck and the St. Julians themselves—were gathered together in the long library when Prof. Alleyne entered at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. His entry, very quietly made, was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to his dinner, had expected to find in him a more typical specimen of the professional genus; it had looked for a long-haired scholar of fifty, who should have stooped and worn spectacles and an ill-fitting coat. Now Alleyne (who appeared to be about five and thirty and was by no means ill-looking) had a singularly upright figure; his clothes were perfectly well cut; he used no glasses and actually boasted a mustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep draughts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by reports in her generation, and let the Mongols severely alone—and not for that evening only. She refrained from mentioning them for two whole days, during which she made herself so unobtrusively agreeable that the Professor began to forget she had ever studied at Gorton, and to wonder how his cousin Laura could have described her hair as "odd." But on the third morning she commenced the subject, in a fashion that showed she meant business. No sooner had the great Harding and his team (attended by Mrs. St. Julian and her bevy of girls) started for the cricket ground after breakfast than she descended upon the Professor, who was peacefully smoking under the great cedar tree on the lawn, with her arms full of papers, and her fine eyes alight with eagerness.
"Mr. Alleyne—you are so kind—I'm sure you won't refuse to help me!"
This appeal was uttered with a tremulous confidence, which some men would have found extremely engaging. Not so the Professor. He knew too well all that such an appeal portended. Reluctantly he made room for the newcomer on the bench beside him and looked ruefully at his pipe.
"I wanted to ask you—oh, please go on smoking! I like it. Your cousin tells me you are writing a great book on the people of Northern Asia."
The Professor could have groaned aloud. Perfidious Laura! What! ever this last secret delivered into the hands of the enemy. Perhaps, he thought, this very pushing young woman would presently demand to see his unfinished manuscripts.
"Because," the pushing young woman continued, "I am writing something on that subject, too. Oh, not a great book, of course. Quite a small one. And I thought, perhaps you would kindly help me with the spelling of the proper names. You see, I know nothing of the dialects."
There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly cool proposal. Alleyne took the sheets and began to run his eye over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly, at the bottom of a page, he stopped short.
"That is a novel idea."
"Which? Where?"
"Here, on page ninety-one. You suggest that a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the Professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heard an impatient sigh."
"Laura wants me to join her; I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you? or shall I?"
"Pray leave them—by all means." The Professor's tone had grown quite cordial. It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all, and had opinions of her own on certain varied points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.
"Very good. Very good, indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The Professor read on, ignoring the misspelt proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.
"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer?"
Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity, and went to get ready for luncheon. The Professor remained behind and took out his note book. That hint about the Ostryaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.
Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand. Good heavens! What was he about? This trail of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen

in his mind. The Professor was a man of honor; a cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He, to pick a girl's brains. He shuddered at himself.
He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at the half-read chapter. For, if the theory put forward was correct, it would water, well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.
These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea time.
"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The Professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration, which he thought she might find helpful."
"They will enable me to correct my spelling myself, I see. I suppose you did not read my further Mr. Alleyne?"
"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before, "in the middle of the chapter on the Ostryaks. Will you take tea or tea cake?"
Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:
"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"
"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck. I gave her all the assistance she asked."
"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible."
"I did not see to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly. Laura, the labor of two years, rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor Professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.
Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.
"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry, and—fuss your warring books into one."
"Laura!"
"Why not? She is pretty and well bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."
"This is intended for a joke, Laura," the Professor interposed severely. "Excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one."
"I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it."
But this the Professor indignantly declined to do.
It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning, for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weakly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose. The ex-student of Gorton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to amuse her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.
The Professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them to dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man—on rambles in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give her brilliant lessons on rainy mornings.
By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly insane, and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his insanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after-breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden whirling of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck, seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board upon her knee and a pencil in her hand.
"The book?" inquired the Professor, with a sickly smile.
She nodded. "My poor little book! which you wouldn't even deign to criticize."
Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost "value" to her Auburn locks.
"I didn't—feel confident," stammered the Professor.
"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"
"No."
Miss Affleck's expressive face was a large note of interrogation.
"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have been fair to you—to go on reading."
"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.
The Professor stiffened. "You are very good."
"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you."
The Professor looked at her hard—for perhaps half a minute; then he, too, took a seat on the bench. "You have not offended me at all," he said.
"How beautiful!" Maud Affleck sighed, ten minutes later.
"What is beautiful? The day? Or

your hair? Or the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful, in different ways."
"Nonsense!" I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book, now."
"The Professor started guiltily. To do him justice he had quite forgotten the book.
"We will collaborate—we will write it together," he murmured. Then he kissed her, and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."
Maud blushed. "Oh, no! It must remain your book. Perhaps you might put a note in the preface saying you had been assisted in your researches."
"By my wife. That sounds charming. But"—he kissed her again, and was picked in conscience—"would that be giving you your due share of credit? You see, in that matter of the Ostryaks."
"I should like it best so," she declared.
"Of course, it must be as you please," said the Professor.—St. Louis Times-Democrat.

EATING EGGS WHEN ANGRY.

At Such Times, It is Asserted, Hen Fruit is Dangerous to Health.
"Did you know it was dangerous to eat eggs when you are angry?" was the strange question asked by A. E. Stewart, a Bostoness, of a St. Louis Republican reporter. "Don't ask me for the reason of it, for I can't give it, but I do know from observation that people died in terrible agony after eating eggs while their passions were aroused. You needn't laugh. I don't mean while the passions of the eggs were aroused. I mean the temper of the victims. I mentioned this to an eminent physician once and he scoffed at it. That was no less than I expected him to do. Physicians don't know much that lies out of the beaten paths of their science. They don't even know how to cure the grip. But take warning from me and never eat eggs while you are angry. Then you will be on the safe side, no matter what your doctor may tell you about it."
"My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with her. Just as we were going to dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritated from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband, calmed by her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner, tried to be as good as a tiger. I noticed that she ate an unusually large amount of soft scrambled eggs. Fifteen minutes after we left the dining-room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest physician reached the house. The doctor was unable to ascribe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning, the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbor's boy. Before his anger had subsided, my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft-boiled eggs. In less than a half hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter."
"It wasn't long before a Beacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table, and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, he ate eggs and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect, the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."

Tests in Fuel Consumption.

A greater variation in locomotive fuel consumption results from a variation in the number of cars per train than from a variation in the weight of the train, the number of cars being constant, according to experiments conducted by S. P. Bush, superintendent of motive power, Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh. The experiments noted consisted in taking a large number of observations on trains running between Chicago, Ill., and Logansport, Ind., 115 miles, (1) on trains of equal weight but a varying number of cars, (2) on trains of an equal number of cars, but varying weight. In the first case, that is, with a constant weight and a variable number of cars, the records show that the fuel consumption increases very uniformly as the number of cars in the train increased. In the second case, the records give rather irregular results in individual cases, but show quite clearly that with a given number of cars the fuel consumption varies in fuel consumption results, whether these cars be lightly or heavily loaded. For example, in one train of thirty-two cars the increase in fuel consumption was only about 400 pounds between a weight of 750 tons and a weight of 1,050 tons.

One Day in the Wildwood.

A couple of Pennsylvania newspaper men took a trip into the wilds of Clinton and Centre counties the other day. They went for trout. Here is what they did besides: Fished three rivers (with the full consent of the streams); crossed the steepest and highest mountain in the Alleghenies; found on top the tomb of an Indian chief, whose name they deciphered to be Young Man-Not-Afraid-of-His-Mother-in-Law; started a deer that had "Hawatha" tattooed on its flanks; put out a forest fire and saved a sawmill; saw a black snake switch a rattler to death, and were chased half a mile by a panther.—New York Telegram.

The Serpent in Art.

The serpent is in Christian art an attribute of St. Cecilia, St. Ephemia and many other saints, being assigned to them either because they destroyed the power of Satan or because they cleared one or another country of reptiles.

HUNTING THE JAGUAR.

A ROYAL SPORT THAT IS ENJOYED IN VENEZUELA.

The Natives Use Only a Short Stabbing-Spear to Kill the Feroocious South American Tiger—A Puckish-Indian's Exploit.

The July Century has several articles devoted to the hunting of big game. One of them is "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela," written by William Willard Howard. Mr. Howard describes the method of the native hunters in killing the jaguars with short spears, and relates the following experience of his native guide:
In a moment a great brown-and-black beast, spotted and ringed with yellow, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the Isthmus of Darien, and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.
The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with a massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter. Trife was as one turned to stone; a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas, whom Quetzacoatl conquered to found the viceroyal state of New Granada.
The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.
It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.
Matchless in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as if to cross upon his prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terrible stood like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.
Slowly, cautiously, the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.
As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still, he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood, not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring little for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eye searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.
Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.
A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.
Then the tiger crouched in the path; his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger, as a quick signal races across standing grain.
In an instant all would be over: a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness—a tragedy for beast, or a tragedy for man.
The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble; but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first impulse of upward motion, the hunter came back to life. Terrible snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck, and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and roared, and pawed frantically at the cloth. The scorching of a breath of the tiger's nostrils, the pruned spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.
Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear-shaft and staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

Origin of the Rees.

The Bible says the whole human race sprang from the individual, Adam. Virey affirms there were two original pairs, Jacobinot and Latham divide the race into three primordial stocks; Kant into four; Bonenbach into five; Buffon into six; Hunter into seven; Agassiz into eight; Pickering into eleven; Bory St. Vincent into fourteen; Desmoulins into sixteen; Morton into twenty-two; Crawford into sixty and Burke into sixty-three. Now comes Quartregees, the French ethnologist, who says all mankind came from a central mass in Northern Asia, and that there were three fundamental types—black, white and yellow, which scattered over the world and intermingled, forming, in course of time, seventy-two distinct races of human beings. The world is waiting for another opinion.

Married Seventy Years.

On May 4th the Rev. Andrew Patrick and his wife, Olivia, of Grays, Knox County, Kentucky, had been married exactly seventy-two years. Both are in good health and in enjoyment of all their faculties. He is ninety-two years old and she is eighty-five. He has living descendants in the fifth generation.
Mr. Patrick was born in North Carolina in 1805, and at an early age

he moved to Tennessee. At Elk River, that state, he met his wife, then Olivia Minor, and they were married when she was a little less than fifteen years old. Thirteen children were born to Mr. Patrick and his wife, six boys and seven girls. The oldest of their children is now seventy. He, like his father, is a Baptist minister. The Rev. Andrew Patrick has 428 living descendants. There are 104 grandchildren, 304 great grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren. He has a grandson fifty-three years old, who has grandchildren five or six years old. Mr. Patrick has been preaching for sixty years, and during that time has had many interesting experiences.—Winston (N. C.) Sentinel.

ANTS BURY THEIR DEAD.

An Exhibition Showing the Admirable Municipal System of the Insects.

Among the million and one attractions which will be offered this Summer in London to charm the festive shillings-out of the pockets of sight-seers there will be none more interesting in its way than the exhibition of the Working Ants at the Crystal Palace.
The domestic economy of ant life is wise and well considered, and as builders the ants are possessed of an amount which is nothing short of marvelous. Columns erected in their architecture are almost round. In the great hall of the museum, visitors can see that the pine needles which are used in its construction are placed at various angles to give strength to the dome, exactly as a human architect would have employed them. It is estimated that fifty thousand ants comprise the community of this great nest, and all are busy constantly, their labors never seeming to cease. The structure contains an enormous number of chambers for the accommodation of the larvae, pupae, cocoons, queens and males.
The heaviest of the ants' labor is in attendance on the larvae and pupae in the interior chambers. Therefore of all this densely populated city of 50,000 inhabitants but few are seen outside. The anterooms, or wingless queens, remain in state in their commodious chambers at the bottom of the nest, and are never seen in public; but a heavy duty with the workers is to drag the winged ones for a promenade outside, the nest for a few turns and then disappear.
The strength of these ants is enormous. The pine needles which are furnished them for building are ten times longer than themselves, but the ants move them about with the greatest ease. An entomologist in attendance at the show will pick up any one of these ants as it runs about in its work and will cause it to hold by its mandibles a weight three thousand times heavier than itself, or equal in proportion to a man holding two hundred tons in his teeth. These ants secrete great quantities of formic acid. Chloroform was at one time distilled from the formic acid furnished by the formicae.
The hill ants are of great service in preserving forest trees, by being estimated that one hundred thousand insects are destroyed daily by one nest of this species.
An ant has two compound and three simple eyes. The compound of facets in the compound eye reach twelve hundred in the male of the formica species. The life of a male ant rarely exceeds twenty months, but a worker has been known to live seven years. Ants have memory and affection; they recognize their friends after long absences. Sir John Lubbock speaks of an ant which recognized him with signs of pleasure after an absence of two years.
The queen of the white ants is often four inches in length; three ounces in weight, and has been estimated to lay eighty thousand eggs per day. These eggs are very small, just conceivable to the naked eye, and are immediately taken charge of by the workers, who make them into clusters of ten to twenty, so that one ant may carry a number into safety, in case of the nest being attacked.

The X-Ray Applied to Hens.

When a hen will not lay, of what use is she except as a "broiler"? But how can you pick out from a flock the hen that does not lay, but consumes food as well as the others? Randolph Spreckels, of California, son of the sugar king, owns a great poultry farm, and his method is thus described by the Youth's Companion:
"He has 10,000 hens; and since the proportion of sterile or non-egg-bearing hens is one to five, it recently occurred to him that he was supporting not less than 2,000 in idleness and luxury. Mr. Spreckels thereupon argued that if the Roentgen ray could locate stray buttons and vagrant fishbones in the human anatomy, it should serve to make a hen give up her secrets. Two scientific experts were called in and they experimented on a dozen chickens. Of these eight were found to contain eggs. The other four were barren. A post-mortem examination confirmed the diagnosis. Then an X-ray plant was established at the ranch, and of last accounts the 10,000 hens were revealed in their true characters at the rate of 30 an hour. There is a glut in the dressed poultry market of San Francisco, and Mr. Spreckels' bill for corn meal is much smaller than it was."

A Happy Family.

The Grand Union Tea Store at Willimantic, Conn., has a very interesting family in one of its show windows, consisting of a cat which is rearing two kittens and a gray squirrel. The mother cat bestows as much motherly affection upon the squirrel as upon her own offspring. All three are sucklings and about half grown, and the squirrel romps and tumbles with his unnatural brothers. The family are the property of N. W. French, whose son caught the squirrel about six weeks ago, at that time but a few days old; he put it at once with the old cat, whose kittens were about the same age. The adoption was without protest, and no family discord has yet arisen.—New York Telegram.

An Arkansas man the other day married a woman he owed rather than go to jail for debt.

SURPRISES WITH GUNS.

SHARPERS FACED BY A MISSOURIAN CRAYBEARD ON A TRAIN.

Quick Work Made of Two Brothers by a Quiet Cattleman on a Train. A Slim Man's Mastery of a Rowdy Bent on Mischievous.

"What is known as a bad man in the far West is not necessarily a man of an unvaryingly evil disposition, or of disposition evil at all; he may be uniformly and cussedly bad, or bad only in the sense of being dangerous to those who offer him unjustifiable provocation. I have met many varieties of the species in my twenty years of travel west of the Mississippi," said a former commercial traveler.
"One of the occurrences that amused me most was the experience of a gang of confidence men with an old man on a Kansas railroad. At the station in Atchison one afternoon, just before the Santa Fe train pulled out for Topeka, the sharpers tried to work a game on some one, but were interrupted, and their scheme fell through. They piled aboard the train as the bell rang, and set in to work off their ill temper by chaffing and maltreating the passengers about them. Presently there entered at the rear door of the coach a typical Southwestern farmer, a tall old man, with a grizzled, patriarchal beard, steeple-crowned hat, and long linen duster. As he strode along the aisle, his gaze bent on the coach ahead, one of the sharpers reached from behind and pulled him back by the coat tail.
"Hold on, old fellow," he said. "Don't hurry! Dye think you're bound somewhere, or going to stop awhile with us?"
"The old man turned, his beard bristling, his eyes flashing fire. His hand went down to his hip pocket and came back clutching the butt of an extraordinarily long-barreled revolver.
"I'm from Cass county, Missouri," he said, but he got no further. The sharper let go the coat tail and threw up his hands.
"I see you are," he gasped. "I only wanted to find out. For God's sake, let the rest of that pistol stay where it is, and go along as soon as you want to. Never mind us."
"The old man glared a moment on the confidence men as if undecided whether to let the matter drop at that; then turned, pushed the pistol back where it came from, and still keeping his hand on the butt of it, went through the car. The sharpers subsided, and were perfectly orderly during the rest of the trip.
"I was in the train in which it happened, although I did not see the occurrence, when two thieves came to grief in trying to rob a cattleman. It was in the C. B. and Q. station in Chicago, or rather just beyond the station. The thieves evidently had planned the robbery beforehand, knowing that the cattleman had a large sum of money with him, and they had followed him to the train and aboard a coach. He had seated himself near the middle of the car. After the train had started and got under good headway, one of the thieves suddenly grappled him from behind, pinioning his arms to his side, while the other drew his pocket-book from his inner breast pocket. Then the thieves ran in opposite ways toward the car doors, with the intention, of course, of jumping from the moving train. But they hadn't reckoned rightly on the quickness of the cattleman's pistol. Drawing his revolver, he brought down one of the thieves, half way to the door, mortally wounded, with a bullet through his back. Turning, he fired at the other, just dashing out at the door, shooting him through the heart so that he fell dead on the platform.
"The whole thing was done so quickly that few of the passengers in the coach were aware that anything unusual was going on until the pistol shots rang out. Then, naturally, there was jumping up and confusion and hysterics. The cattleman, pistol in hand, went at once to the first thief he had shot, searched him, and, not finding his pocketbook, went back through the car to where the other thief lay dead on the platform. The crowd gave him free passage along the aisle. You can bet. At the door a brakeman handed him the pocketbook, while the thief lay dropping when he fell. The cattleman ran his eyes over the contents, satisfied himself that they were all right, then went back to his seat where he remained quietly until the next station was reached. Here he got out, asked the telegraph operator to notify the police that he was waiting for them to arrest him and stayed until they came. The Coroner's jury exonerated him for the killing, and his case, if ever it came before a court, was quickly dismissed. I met him afterward in Wyoming, a quiet everyday sort of man of no particular reputation as a shot, who had got along with little trouble in a fighting way before and after his exploit at Chicago. But he showed himself great at this one time when nerve and promptness and good marksmanship were needed.
"I saw a rough fellow taken down by a man who was not a bit rougher to look at once on a passenger train of the Southern Pacific road, west of Denning. It was in a parlor car, and the tough had arrived at the stage of drunkenness where he felt it necessary to get out his pistol and shoot at telegraph poles along the side of the track. He got ugly when the conductor spoke to him and allowed he'd do pretty much as he pleased, and that the man who interfered with him wouldn't turn up for his vitals next day or at any time after. It is probable that the train hands would have brought him to rights, but a passenger, a slim, quiet, refined-looking man, took the business in hand and saved them the trouble.
"The fun began when the tough's pistol went off in the car, by accident, quite likely. At this the slim man got up and walked back to him, carrying a slender walking stick in his hand.
"There has been enough of this business," he said. "Put that pistol up."
"The tough jumped up from his seat.
"Say, he shouted. 'Do you know who you're talking to? You gut!' "He started to cock the pistol, he spoke, but the hammer didn't get

half way up. The thing was done so suddenly for my eye to follow, but the pistol clanged down on the floor between them, knocked from the fellow's hand by a blow with the stick. The tough swore and clutched with the other hand at his hand that had been so smartly rapped; the slim man stooped, picked up the pistol, and threw it out of the window.
"Now, will you believe yourself?" he asked, looking the fellow in the eye with the expression of a wild beast tamer, and holding the stick as a fencing master holds his foil "at ready."
"You bet," was the prompt answer, and the tough man sat meekly down. He was very much on his good behavior for the rest of the trip. He even tried to make friends with the slim man. The slim man's name, by the way, was E. T. Hallam, an agent for a millinery goods firm. He received the lionizing of the other passengers modestly, acknowledging, however, that he fenced and sparred some and could play a little at single stick.

AS THE NOSE, SO THE TOES.

A Physical Cultivist Claims the Pigeon-toed People Have Crooked Noses.

A professor of physical culture announces that he has discovered an intimate connection between deformities of the nose and the position of the feet.
His name is H. L. Piner, and he communicates his observations to the New York Journal.
"You can tell a pigeon-toed person without looking at his feet or seeing him walk. The discovery was made by me in 1891 while teaching physical culture. I found a stubborn awkwardness in the movements of my pupils' feet. Looking for the cause, I found that many of them were pigeon-toed. In others one foot was correct and the other turned in.
"In teaching correct breathing, I had to investigate the condition of the nasal passages. Then I found that wherever the person was pigeon-toed in the right foot, the right nostril was stopped up or otherwise deformed. It the same with the left foot or nostril. If both nostrils were defective, both feet were pigeon-toed.
"At one time I examined twenty-six persons, and every one of them was pigeon-toed in the left foot with a corresponding defect in the left nostril. At another time I examined over forty with a view to testing my discovery. Some of them had well developed nostrils, and were not at all pigeon-toed. Some had over-wide nostrils with over-wide angles at the feet to correspond.
"Girls I found more generally and worse pigeon-toed than boys. The person who has a whining or snuffling voice is usually pigeon-toed.
"Since my discovery is that with the defective nostrils were found invariably stopped nostrils, I have had hollow chests, the stoop and hollow always bearing a direct ratio with the defect. In extreme cases there was an ugly protrusion of the abdomen, a tendency to draw back and upward the upper lip, exposing the teeth, that have also an unsightly protruding tendency.
"Tell your friend to walk from you. Watch his feet. If the left turns in, tell him that his left nostril is smaller than the right. That is, that he can take more air at any given inspiration through the right than through the left nostril alone. If the right foot turns in, tell him his right nostril is the smaller.
"Conversely, tell him to place the end of the thumb under and against the nostrils alternately, breathing through the open one each time; and ask him which nostril admits the greatest amount of air. If it is the left, tell him he is pigeon-toed in the left foot. Vice versa. Demonstrate by having him walk naturally.
"Remember that the proper angle is thirty degrees on either side of the median line, or sixty degrees with both feet. Do not close the nostrils from the side, but gently from underneath."

Only One in the World.

So far as obtainable information goes, Mrs. Louise Jewell Cabel, of East Lowell, Me., is the only woman Justice of the Peace in the world. Mrs. Cabel first saw the light of the world fifty-eight years ago last December. At the tender age of 2 1/2 years her devoted parents sent her to school, her mother having previously taught the child to read the Bible. School occupied her attentions until she was fifteen years old, when she became a tailor. Afterward she became a school teacher. At the age of twenty-four she was confined to her bed for three years by illness, and during that time took up the languages and became proficient in French and German. For the six years following her convalescence she averaged 1,000 vests a year, finally becoming the bride of Mr. Cabel. She finally became interested in prohibition, and became a contributing factor to a score of magazines and papers, keeping up that line of work until 1883, when she was granted a commission by Governor S. Mayhew, then Governor of Maine, to "solemnize marriages, administer oaths and take acknowledgments of deeds." She then began to do the work of a Peace Justice, or Notary, as they are called in Maine. She has ridden thousands of miles after affidavits for the soldier and his poorer dependents in their claims before the Pension Department. She does her own housework all the time. She is now acting under her third commission. One year ago last September her husband, who is an organ and sewing machine vender, was stricken helpless with paralysis.

The Finest Sight in Africa.

The late Sir Samuel Baker said to me shortly before his death. "You have seen the finest sight in Africa—the charge of the vanguard of the British army." Putting personal considerations aside, however, I prefer the sight of the half-naked Zulu warrior rushing by my side through the forest, with his shield and spear gleaming in the sun, in pursuit of some wounded antelope, to that of a wounded lion charging with a low, swift snarl, disfigured entirely from his ordinary color—H. W. Seton-Karr, in the Century.

It is said that salmon, pike and goldfish are the only fish that never sleep.